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FRUITS OF ENTERPRISE
COLLECTED IN THE
TRAVELS OF BELZONI
IN
Egypt and Nubia.

1822 - 1826 ON



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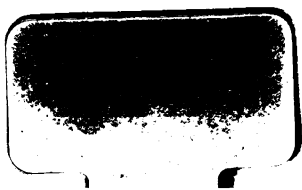
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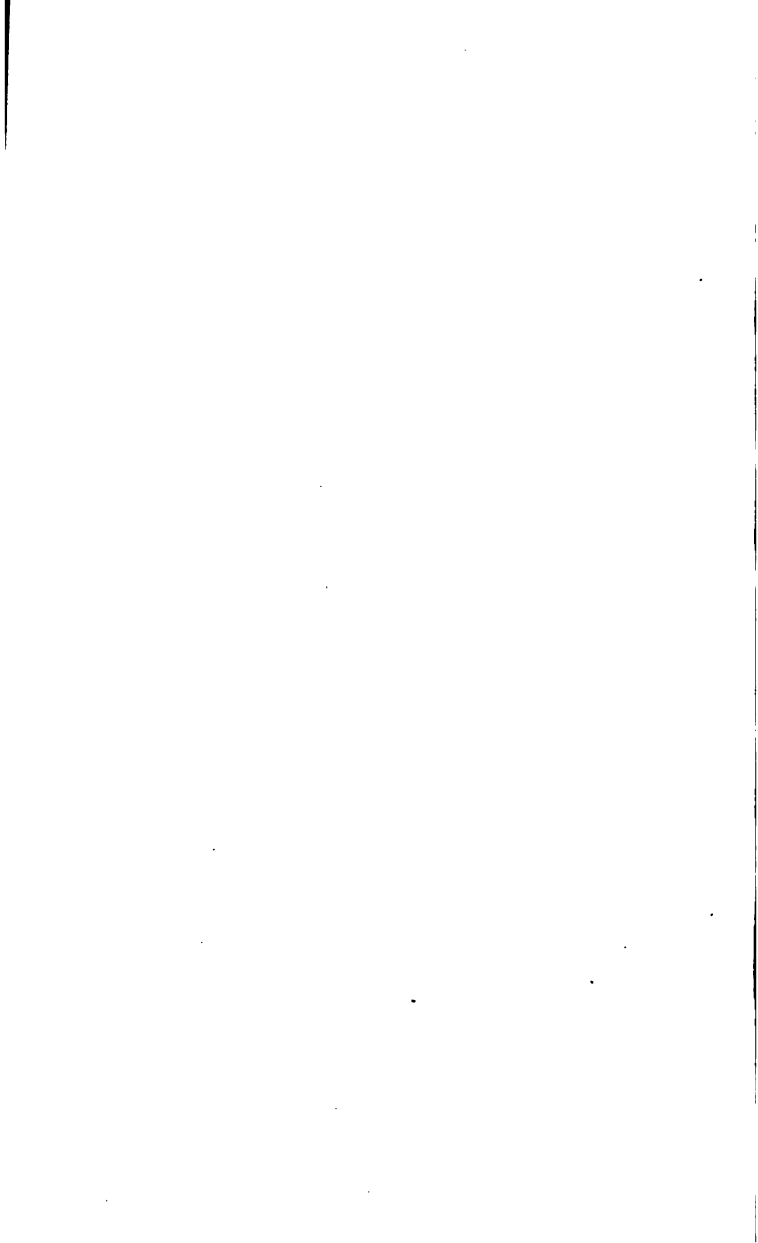
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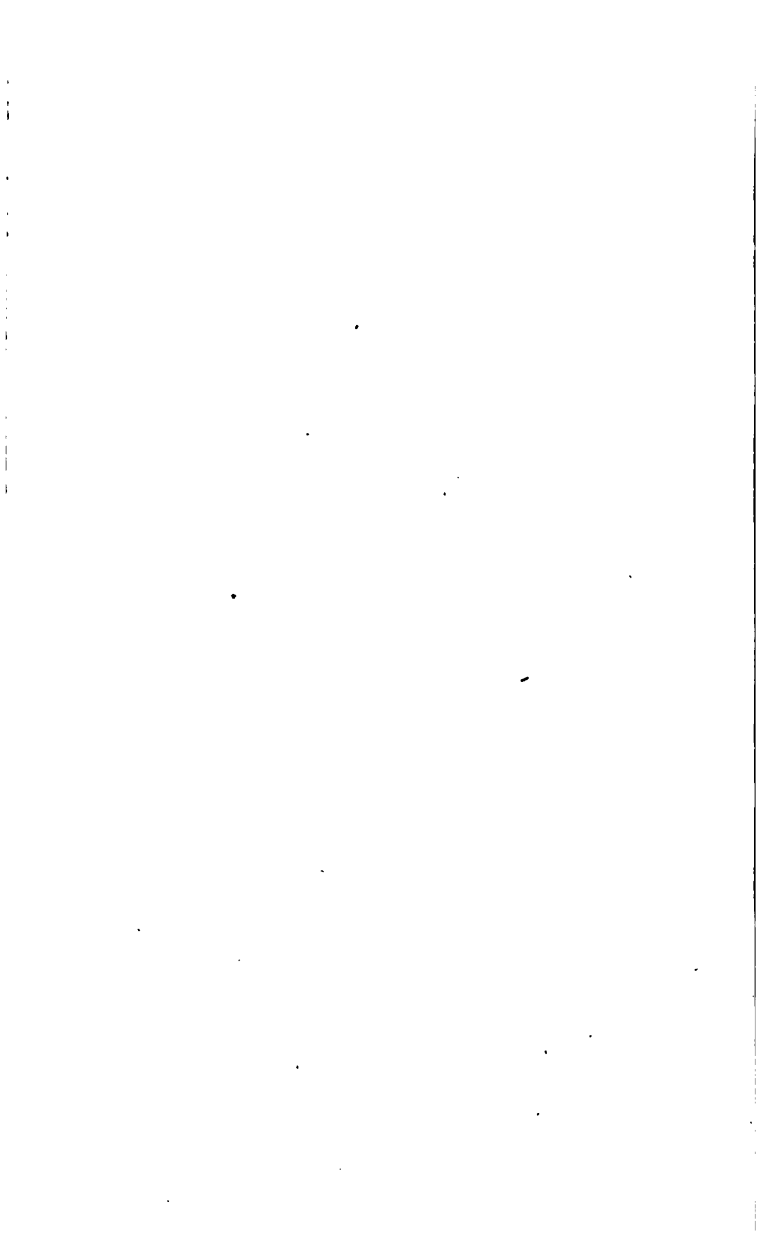
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FRUITS OF ENTERPRIZE.





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FRUITS OF ENTERPRIZE
EXHIBITED
IN THE
TRAVELS OF BELZONI
IN
EGYPT AND NUBIA;

INTERSPERSED
WITH THE OBSERVATIONS OF A MOTHER TO
HER CHILDREN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE INDIA CABINET."



"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR HARRIS AND SON, ST. PAUL'S
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1821.



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P R E F A C E.

PLACED in an amphitheatre of boundless extent, and surrounded by an immense variety of objects, young persons are naturally inquisitive, and delighted with every new accession of knowledge; and as truth is no longer deemed incompatible with amusement, the most pleasing mode of conveying the former appears to be to blend it with the latter.

Influenced by such a motive, the compiler of this little volume is induced to place it in the Juvenile Library ; and she is happy in having an opportunity of acknowledging her thanks to the enterprising traveller, who has politely given her his permission to do so.

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FRUITS
OF
ENTERPRISE.

CHAP. I.

“**THE** last—the very last pyramid! dear **Laura,**” exclaimed the little Bernard; as he climbed upon his sister’s chair, and surveyed a sketch that she was copying, from one in a large folio volume.

“And now, when you have shaded the side of that pyramid, will you draw the wheel of my cart? I am quite, quite tired of your tombs, and your pillars, and your ruins, and your monuments, falling this way and that way:—I would much rather know how to draw the spokes of the wheels of my little cart:—it is impossible for me to finish my picture;—you see I have made my waggon turning down a shady lane,—it is evening—the lamps are lit on the posts—the moon is peeping behind the trees, and the smoke is rising from the chimnies of my carter’s

cottage—but my poor cart has no wheels because I cannot draw spokes—and now, is that tiresome pyramid done, dear Laura?”

“If you knew all that renders those pyramids so interesting to Laura, my love,” said Bernard’s mother, “you would not be in such great haste to see them finished; indeed I believe you would willingly give up the pleasure of seeing your own little picture completed, to watch your sister draw hers.”

“Indeed, mamma!” exclaimed the lively boy—where are they, and why do you think that the account of them will amuse me so much?”

“My story is a long one,” replied his mother, “so I will not begin it till after tea, and then we can go on without interruption.”

“Oh, mother! that will be delightful! quite delightful! for we can have a settled evening, and as to my cart, Laura may put in the spokes to-morrow—the wheels will not signify for one night, will they, mamma?” exclaimed Bernard, and without waiting for an answer, he jumped up, fetched his little straw-hat from its hook in the hall, and ran across the lawn, to tell Owen and Emily, who were busily engaged training a white clematis round one of the pillars of the alcove. They quickly returned together. Tea

was dispatched, and the cheerful group repaired to the library. The maps were laid open on the library table. Laura seated herself between her two brothers, and Emily, whose blue eyes sparkled with joy, placed herself by the side of her mother.

“And now, why did you think that Laura’s picture would please me so much, mamma?” said Bernard; “where are those pyramids?”

“Think for a moment, my dear. Do you not know the name of the country so renowned for these famous mementos of ancient art?—you have often been told.”

Bernard paused—“In Egypt, mamma,—in Egypt, an ancient kingdom of Africa.”

“Can you give me any account of Egypt—do you know any thing respecting that country?”

Bernard paused again, but Emily looked up wishfully and said,

“May I tell you what I know, mamma?” Her mother nodded assent.

“Egypt,” said Emily, “consists of a narrow vale on both sides of the Nile, bounded by ridges of mountains or hills. Nubia is on the south; on the west it joins the great sandy deserts; on the north it is washed by the Mediterranean; and on the east by the Red Sea, except where it

is joined to Asia by the narrow neck of land called the Isthmus of Suez."

"I recollect more about Egypt, now that Emily mentions the Nile," exclaimed her little brother; "I have often heard of the rushes that grew on the banks of that river—the people used to make their paper of them, and write all their books upon it—all that they wrote—they placed the thin leaves of the stem one over the other, then flattened them, and platted them as Fanny plats her little paper mats; so that one leaf lay one way and another another way, and then they were stuck together with the muddy water of the Nile, and the leaves were dried and pressed with heavy weights—and rubbed and pressed again a great many times."

"And," said Owen, "papa has often told us that in Egypt there is very little rain, and that the Nile at certain periods overflows its banks, and carries with its waters a rich mud, which renders the soil fruitful, without that labour which the farmers in England are obliged to bestow, before the fields are fit to receive the grain. In Egypt, they have only to put the seeds into the ground."

"But if the Nile should not overflow, just

when they expected it," said Bernard, "what would they do then?"

"This sometimes happens," said Laura, "but you will hear by and bye of the means which have been taken to prevent the famine which is generally occasioned by such a calamity, and of the mode which is used to supply the deficiency, if the river do not afford its usual assistance."

"Well, mamma," said Owen, "now that we know where Egypt is—now for the pyramids:—whereabouts are they, and for what purpose were they erected?"

"Not so fast, my love. Let us proceed gradually. I have not yet told you that Egypt is divided into Upper, Middle, and Lower; and that it is a country renowned in history, having been once the seat, if not the parent of the sciences. It is not only remarkable for those surprising monuments of antiquity, the famous pyramids, which baffle the researches of the deepest antiquary to fix upon their origin, but also for many other "glorious structures," astonishing remains of ancient temples, pompous palaces, obelisks, columns, statues, and paintings. Thus is Egypt rendered so interesting, and it is at the present time peculiarly so to us, because a gentleman has lately, with indefatigable zeal, made

many researches in that country, and his curious discoveries among the pyramids and temples have excited the public attention in no small degree. He has spent many years in this arduous employment, and is now amply compensated in knowing that they have not been spent in vain."

"Oh mamma!" exclaimed Emily, "tell me the name of this gentleman:—why did he go there? Was he fond of antiquities? How did he manage to enter the pyramids? and what did he find in them?"

"I cannot give a reply to so many questions in a breath, my little girl; however I will answer one of them:—the name of the gentleman I mentioned is BELZONI."

"A native of England, mamma?"

"No: a native of Padua."

"Padua, an ancient, large, and celebrated city of Italy," said Laura, as she pointed to the map.

"Is it all true that you are going to tell us, mother?" said Owen.

"Perfectly true. The account I purpose giving you of Egypt and Nubia is taken from Belzoni's own Travels, recently published; you may therefore rely on its correctness.

“ Unfortunate circumstances falling out in his native country, compelled Belzoni to leave it, and about twenty years ago he came to England. Here he married, and contrived to live on his own industry, and the knowledge he had acquired in various branches whilst at Rome, in which city he had spent many of his juvenile hours. He now turned his thoughts to hydraulics, a science to which he had before paid attention, and which in the end was the principal cause of his going to Egypt.”

“ I must interrupt you, dear mamma,” said Bernard, “ will you tell me what is meant by *hydraulics*, and why Belzoni should go into Egypt on that account ?”

“ The science which has for its object the motion of fluids, is called hydraulics, and its principal object is to furnish us with the means of conducting water from one situation to another by canals or other means. Belzoni imagined that a hydraulic machine would be of great use in Egypt to irrigate the fields, which want water only to make them produce at any time of the year.”

“ Then the soil is fertile, and the climate warm, I suppose, mamma ?” said Owen.

“ Yes : the soil of Egypt is particularly noted

for the fertility occasioned by its wonderful river; and, while thinking of this, we are led to observe the two beautiful prospects which, owing to it, Egypt exhibits at two seasons of the year. During *our* summer the climate *there* is excessively warm, and it is impossible to describe a scene more delightful than that which the country presents at the first overflowing of the Nile: the spectator beholds a spacious sea, spotted with innumerable towns and villages, sometimes contrasted with groves of palm-trees, while a magnificent display of sylvan and mountainous scenery bounds the extensive prospect.

On the contrary, if the view be taken when *our* gardens and fields are clothed in the robes of winter, the whole country *there* resembles one large meadow, covered with the finest verdure, and enamelled with the choicest flowers; the plains embellished with flocks and herds; the air, pure and salubrious, scented with orange and lemon blossoms, which blow in luxuriance."

"I should like to live in Egypt, mamma!" exclaimed Bernard.

"But inconveniences are to be met with there, as well as every where else, my love. The heat is oppressive to all who are unused to it: indeed, the southerly winds are sometimes so sultry

as to oblige the natives to immure themselves in vaults or caves; and not unfrequently these winds raise such clouds of sand as to obscure the light of the sun, and, even to those who are used to them, to be almost insupportable. The people call them poisonous winds, or winds of the Desert, and, during the three days that they generally last, the streets are forsaken; and in a melancholy condition is the unfortunate traveller, whom they surprise remote from shelter."

"I wonder," exclaimed Emily, "whether Belzoni ever encountered them. Do you think he did, mamma?"

"I will begin my account, and then you may hear a description of the various adventures he met with."

Mrs. A. then began to relate some circumstances of *Belzoni's Researches in Egypt and Nubia*.

"Some years after Mr. Belzoni had resided in England, he formed the resolution of going to the south of Europe; and, taking Mrs. Belzoni with him, he visited Portugal and Spain, and afterwards the small but important isle of Malta, which lies to the south of Sicily, and is celebrated for its fine port and for the strength

of its fortifications, now belonging to Great Britain. Hence they embarked for Egypt, and arrived in safety at Alexandria."

EMILY.—Here is Alexandria, mamma, on the sea-coast : I have found it marked on the map.

MRS. A.—On entering the harbour of this city, Belzoni was informed that the plague was there. To an European, who had never been in that country, this was alarming intelligence. Happily, however, it nearly ceased in a short time ; and as his principal view was to go on to Cairo, he hired a boat, and they embarked with an English gentleman, who was going up the Nile.

BERNARD.—Here is Cairo, the capital of Egypt, mamma : to the south of Alexandria.

MRS. A.—This city is one hundred miles from the mouth of the Nile. Owing to contrary winds, it was some days before our travellers landed at Boolac, within a mile of it. At this place a bustling scene presented itself, and the majestic appearance of Turkish soldiers in various costumes, Arabs, of many tribes, boats, camels, horses, and asses, all in motion, formed a striking picture. Immediately after landing, they went to Cairo ; but, as the holy fathers of the convent of Terrasanta could not receive women

within their walls, they were accommodated in an old house at Boolac, belonging to a gentleman, the interpreter of Mahomed Ali, and director of all foreign affairs. He was a man of great acuteness of understanding, and well disposed towards strangers.

BERNARD.—Who is Mahomed Ali, mamma ?

MRS. A.—The Turkish Viceroy, or Bashaw, by whom Egypt is governed.

OWEN.—I am glad that this interpreter was agreeably disposed towards strangers, as I suppose that Belzoni had to apply through his means to the Bashaw respecting his hydraulic machine, for which purpose he went to Egypt, you know.

MRS. A.—Travellers are frequently obliged to submit to inconvenience, and so were ours. The house they inhabited was so old and out of repair, that it appeared every moment as though ready to fall on their heads : all the windows were shut up with broken wooden rails ; the staircase was in so bad a condition, that scarcely a step was left entire ; the door was merely fastened by a pole placed against it, having neither lock nor any thing else to secure the entrance. There were many rooms in the house, but the ceiling in all of them was in a most

threatening state. The whole furniture consisted of a single mat in one of the best rooms, which they considered as the drawing-room.

BERNARD (*laughing*).—Oh! what a curious drawing-room! supposing *ours* had only a mat in it! But go on, dear mamma.

MRS. A.—No chairs are to be had in this country; so they sat on the ground, and a box and a trunk served as a table. Fortunately, they had a few plates, as well as knives and forks; and James, an Irish lad, whom they took with them, procured a set of culinary articles.

Such were the accommodations our enterprising travellers met with at Boolac!

Although Belzoni's chief object was not to see antiquities at that time, yet he felt desirous of visiting the famous pyramids.

EMILY.—That was right, as he was so near them. I think I have heard you say, that they are at the foot of those mountains which separate Europe from Libya.

MRS. A.—The English gentleman who accompanied Belzoni up the Nile obtained an escort of soldiers from the Bashaw, and went with him to the pyramids one evening, intending to ascend one of them the following morning to see the sun rise. Accordingly, they were on the top

long before the dawn of day. The scene they beheld delighted them, being grand and majestic beyond description. A mist over the wide sandy plains formed a veil which vanished gradually as the sun rose, and at length opened to their view that beautiful land, once the site of Memphis. The distant view of the smaller pyramids, on the south, marked the extension of that vast capital; while the solemn spectacle of the immense sandy desert on the west, stretching as far as the eye could reach, inspired sublime feelings. The fertile land on the north, with the winding course of the Nile descending towards the sea; the rich appearance of Cairo and its glittering minarets; the beautiful plain, which extends from the pyramids to that city; the thick groves of palm-trees in the midst of the fertile valley, altogether formed a scene Belzoni was well calculated to enjoy.

BERNARD.—Mamma, I do not understand how Belzoni mounted the pyramid.

Mrs. A.—There are steps on the outside, and by them he ascended it.

Having gratified his admiration, he went with his friend round the next pyramid, examined several of the mausoleums, and returned to Cairo, highly delighted with having seen a won-

der they had long desired, but never supposed they should have the pleasure of beholding.

A few days after this time, a party was formed to go to Sacara by water. After visiting the pyramids at that place, they returned to Cairo, except Mr. Turner, the English gentleman, and Belzoni, who went on to Dajior, and examined the remains of many other pyramids there. When they came back to the Nile, it was quite night, and they had to pass several villages before they reached a place where they could embark for Cairo. Their road laid through a cluster of palm-trees, which, as the moon was just rising, had a solemn effect. Some of the Arabs were dancing to the usual tunes of their tambourines, and, forgetting their masters, the Turks, were happy for a time. At length, Belzoni and his friend took a small boat, and arrived in Cairo before morning. Two days after this time, the former was to be presented to the Bashaw on the subject of his hydraulic project.

EMILY.—I hope the Bashaw was pleased with it, after Belzoni had taken so much pains to promote the comfort of his people.

Mrs. A.—But poor Belzoni met with an unfortunate accident, which detained him for some time. He received a violent blow on the leg,

from a soldier who was passing on horseback, and was obliged to be taken to the convent of Terrassanta.

BERNARD.—It must have been very desolate to be laid up at such a place ; and yet the convent was, perhaps, more comfortable than that shabby old house at Boolac. Did he soon recover, mamma ? I think that cruel soldier had never heard your favourite sentence, “ Do as you would be done by ? ”

Mrs. A.—The common feelings of humanity were strangers to his bosom. Belzoni, however, was well enough in a few days to be presented to the Bashaw.

OWEN.—I do not like to interrupt you, mamma ; but is the Bashaw in the place of a king ? What sort of government is it in Egypt ?

Mrs. A.—The form of government in Egypt is called an aristocracy.

OWEN.—What is an aristocracy, mamma ? I know that *despotism* implies the will of the monarch to be the law, and that a *limited monarchy*, as in England, indicates that the king has only a part of the supreme power in common with some of his subjects ; but I do not understand what you mean by an *aristocracy*.

Mrs. A.—An aristocracy is a republican state ;

wherein the supreme power is consigned to nobles and peers. Since Egypt has been under the dominion of the Turks, it has been governed by a Bashaw, who resides at Cairo, and who has under him inferior governors in several parts of the country.

EMILY.—I observed, mamma, when you were talking of the Arabs enjoying the moonlight under the palm-trees, and playing upon their tambourines, that you said they were forgetting their masters, the Turks. What have Turks to do in Egypt?

Mrs. A.—The inhabitants of Egypt are composed of different races of people. The Turks, who think themselves entitled to be masters of the country, because the Arabs (who are another race) were conquered by them: then there are the Copts, who are descended from the first Egyptians; as well as many others, under different denominations.

And now, having wandered from our subject, we will pursue it.

BERNARD.—Oh, mamma! I want to hear some of Belzoni's adventures and escapes!

Mrs. A.—Adventures are delightful things, provided an escape follows. But you must have patience, my boy.

Belzoni made an arrangement with the Bashaw, and undertook to erect a machine which would raise as much water with one ox as the machines of the country with four.

BERNARD.—Useful Belzoni! Success to your project!

OWEN.—How did Mahomed Ali like it, mamma? I expected that he was of too indolent a disposition to admire any thing new: he was a Turk, you know, and the Turks are famed for their indolence.

Mrs. A.—You are right, my love, in supposing that a person of an enervated turn of mind cannot derive so much pleasure from a new project as one of a more active disposition. Ali, however, received our Belzoni very civilly, and was much pleased with his proposition.

OWEN.—And well he might be, when he could foresee that, if put in execution, it would spare the expense and labour of many thousands of oxen.

Mrs. A.—Belzoni now commenced his hydraulic machine. It was to be erected in Soubra, at the garden of the Bashaw, on the Nile, three miles from Cairo. He had many difficulties to encounter, Bernard; for the very persons who were necessary to furnish him with wood,

iron, carpentry, and so on, unfortunately recollected that they should be the first to suffer by it, if the machine succeeded. However success is secure unless energy fails, and Belzoni in time saw his water machine completed. But as he was some time at Soubra, perhaps you may like to hear how he passed the intervals, when unoccupied by his work.

BERNARD.—Yes, dear mamma—I like him very much! What a clever man he was!

MRS. A.—You see, my dear little boy, that a great deal depends upon the turn which is given to our early pursuits. The science of hydraulics first became familiar to Belzoni when he was a boy in Rome.

BERNARD.—I dare say he did not then think of going to Egypt. How, mamma?

MRS. A.—During his stay at Soubra, Belzoni became acquainted with many Turks, and particularly with the governor of the palace as his house was within his walls. The garden of the Bashaw was under his care, and a guard was kept at the gates. The seraglio is so situated that it overlooks the Nile; at the back of it is a beautiful garden under the care of the Greeks, and kept in excellent order. It is ornamented with green bowers overhung with

flowering shrubs, and alcoves in the form of little cupulas, around which the fragrant plants twine their numerous tendrils, whilst water machines constantly at work, keep up a perpetual verdure.

BERNARD.—What a delightful place, mamma! But then Belzoni's were not the *first* water machines.

MRS. A.—Not actually the first, my dear, but the largest, the best calculated to answer any important purpose. You, Emily, who are so fond of flowers, will perhaps smile at the amusements which delight the Bashaw far more highly than watching the progress of his shrubs and plants. In the evening, when the sun is declining in the west, he quits his seraglio, and seats himself on the banks of the Nile, with his guards, to fire at an earthen pot on the opposite side.

EMILY.—To fire at an earthen pot, when in such a place! Ah, mamma! Mahomed Ali is no botanist!

OWEN.—If he be no botanist, Emily, he is an excellent marksman; for I believe the river at Soubra is wider than the Thames at Westminster Bridge.

MRS. A.—When it is dark he retires into the

garden, and reposes in a shady alcove, or by the margin of some bubbling fountain, with all his attendants around him, who endeavour to amuse him and make him feel in good humour with himself, whilst the murmuring of the waters, the lively tunes of the musical instruments, and the soft beams of the moon reflected upon the surface of the Nile, heighten the pleasures of the same. Here Belzoni was often admitted, and thus he had an opportunity of observing the domestic life of a man, who from nothing rose to be viceroy of Egypt, and conqueror of the most powerful tribes of Arabia.

The Bashaw seemed to be well aware of the benefit that might be derived from his encouraging the arts of Europe in his country, and had already reaped some of the fruits of it. The manufacture of gunpowder, the refining of sugar, the making of fine indigo, and the silk manufacture were introduced much to his advantage: he is constantly inquiring after something new; and is delighted with any novelty. He had heard of electricity, and he sent to England for two electrical machines.

BERNARD.—Oh, mamma! now he will be amused:—I hope he will receive a good shock. Do you remember, Emily, our having one in

papa's study, when you held a little chain, and I held your hand, and Owen mine, and we all jumped together;—I hope this electrical machine will make Mahomed Ali jump!

Mrs. A.—One of them was broken by the way; the other was dismantled. No one could be found who knew how to set it up. Belzoni happened to be at the garden one night when they were attempting it, and he was requested to put the pieces together; having done so, he desired one of the soldiers to mount the insulating stool, when charging the machine, he gave the Turk a good shock, who being thus struck unawares, uttered a loud cry and jumped off extremely terrified. The Bashaw laughed at the man for doing so, supposing his alarm was a pretence and not the effect of the machine; and when told that it was actually occasioned by the machine, he positively affirmed that it could not be, for the soldier was at such a distance, that it was impossible the small chain he held in his hand could have such power.

OWEN.—And how did Belzoni manage to convince Ali, mamma?

Mrs. A.—He desired the interpreter to inform his Highness that if he would have the goodness to mount the stool, he would be convinced of

the fact. He hesitated for a moment whether to believe it or not; however he mounted the stool. Belzoni charged well, put the little chain into his hand, and gave him a smart shock. He jumped off, like the soldier, on feeling the effect of the electricity, and threw himself on the sofa, laughing immoderately, and unable to conceive how the machine could have such power on the human body.

BERNARD.—How very droll Mahomed Ali must have looked when he was standing upon that little stool, and especially when he found himself forced to jump off! I like your story much, very much, mother, and I do so because it is true.

MRS. A.—The Arabs of Soubra display as much festivity when a marriage of consequence takes place, as those of any of the villages in Egypt. One happened while Belzoni was there, and as the windows of his house overlooked the spot where it was performed, he had an opportunity of witnessing the ceremony. Early in the morning of the grand holiday, a high pole was reared in the centre of the place with a banner belonging to the village——

“A banner!” whispered Bernard.

“A streamer or flag,” said Laura, and Mrs. A.

continued: A large assembly of people gathered under it, and preparations were made for an illumination with glass lamps, music was prepared, &c.

EMILY.—Then I suppose the Arabs from other villages came to the feast also, beating their tambourines and waving their flags.

Mrs. A.—You are right; but they remained at some distance from the pole until invited to advance.

EMILY.—I fancy, mamma, that the pole was like that round which the village girls fasten their garlands on May-day.

Mrs. A.—Very probably. The old people seated themselves around and under the pole, and the strangers were placed at a little distance. One of them began to sing, while the rest divided themselves into two parties, forming two circles, one within the other round the pole, and facing each other.

BERNARD.—I understand, mamma. I suppose each man put his arms over his neighbour's shoulders, and thus formed a chain.

Mrs. A.—Exactly so. The outer circle stood still, while the people of the inner circle kept dancing and bowing in an orderly manner to those on the outer. Thus they continued three

hours, and those who were not in the circles made separate rings by themselves.

EMILY.—So this is the mode of dancing among the Arabs, mamma. How different to ours! But where were the ladies in the mean time?

MRS. A.—All the women were at a distance by themselves, and among them was the bride. When the dancing and singing ended, they all sat down, and a great quantity of boiled rice was brought to them in wooden bowls, as well as some dishes of melokie and bamies, and three or four sheep roasted, which were soon torn to pieces and devoured.

BERNARD.—*Melokie* and *bamies*, mamma! What are they?

MRS. A.—Plants eaten in common by the Arabs as greens. A number of boys were fully employed during the whole ceremony in fetching water from the Nile. At night the little coloured lamps were lighted, a band of tambourines played continually, and the entertainment ended as it had commenced, with a dance.

EMILY.—I am sure, mamma, that I do not envy those dancing Arabs. And now, let us turn to Belzoni. How long was it before his machine was finished, ready, however, for the Bashaw to see it?

MRS. A.—Belzoni completed his undertaking in time. It was constructed on the principle of a crane with a walking wheel, in which a single ox, by its own weight alone, could effect as much as four oxen employed in the machines of the country.

OWEN.—Then Belzoni managed his machine in spite of the difficulties he had to encounter with the self-interested workmen.

MRS. A.—Yes: he was of too enterprising a disposition to give up a work which was the chief cause of his going into that country.

BERNARD.—Before you go on, mamma, will you tell me what you mean by a crane?—there is a picture of a crane in my Bewick—but I cannot at all make out what is meant by a *crane with a walking wheel*.

OWEN.—The crane of which mamma speaks, Bernard, is not a *bird*—but a machine used in building, for raising and lowering huge stones, heavy weights, and sometimes water, you see.

MRS. A.—It is a technical term in mechanics, my love, and I will try by and bye to explain to you what is meant by a crane with a walking wheel.

The Bashaw came to Soubra to examine the hydraulic machine. It was set to work and

succeeded admirably, drawing in the same space of time six or seven times as much water as the common machines.

BERNARD.—Ah! Belzoni is well repaid, mamma. And the Egyptian farmers may sow their seed without being afraid of a famine—even if the Nile do not overflow, they can raise water, and water their fields so nicely. Useful Belzoni!

MRS. A.—Our best endeavours, though they sometimes appear at first to be crowned with success, may afterwards defeat the purpose for which they were intended. So it was with those of our ingenious friend. The Bashaw took it into his head to have the oxen taken out of the wheel, in order to see, by way of frolic, what effect the machine would have by putting fifteen men into it. Poor James, the Irish lad you know, entered along with them, but no sooner had the wheel turned once round than they all jumped out, leaving the boy alone in it. The wheel of course, overbalanced by the weight of the water, turned back with such velocity that the catch was unable to stop it. James was thrown out, and in the fall broke one of his thighs. Belzoni contrived to stop the wheel before it did farther injury, which might have been fatal to him.

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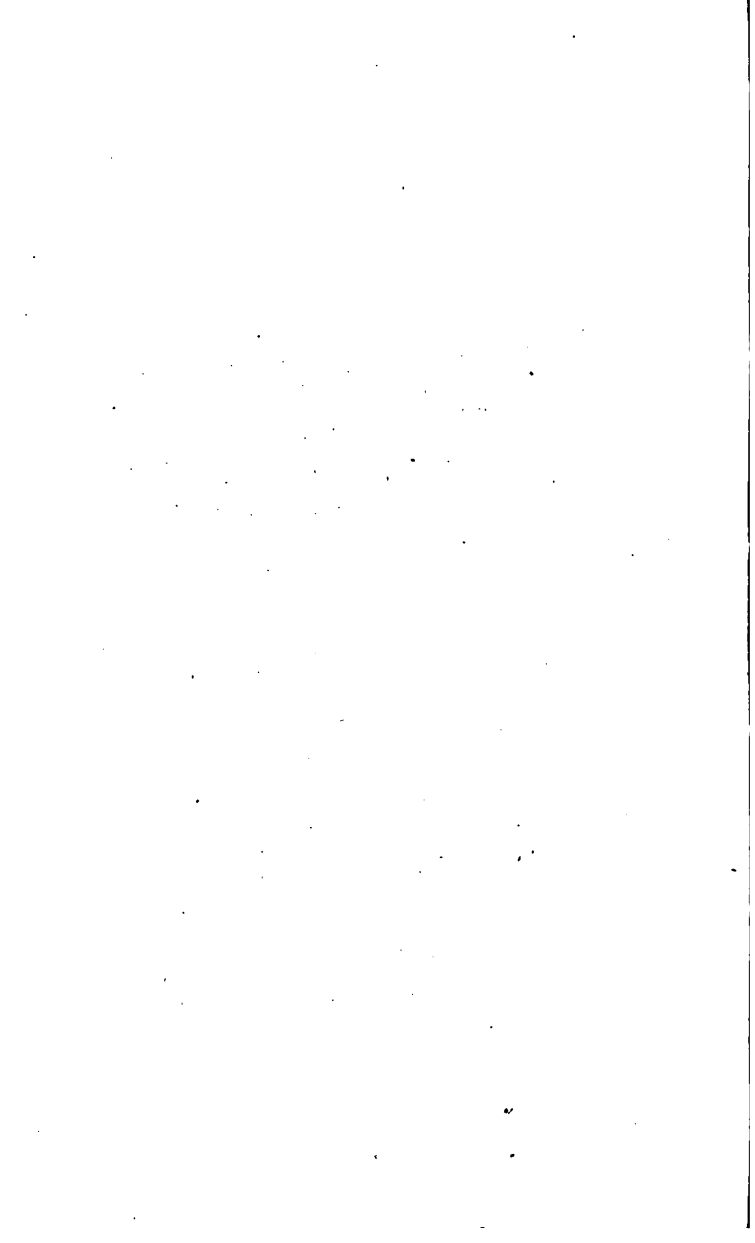


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OWEN.—How shocking, mamma! I am not at all pleased with those fifteen men, and I foresee what is coming. The Turks are so superstitious, that they would consider such an accident happening to a new invention as a bad omen—and thus I fear Belzoni's ingenuity will be thrown away.

MRS. A.—You are not mistaken. The Bashaw was persuaded to abandon the affair, and the project of Belzoni being thus consigned to oblivion, he turned his thoughts to the antiquities of the country, and, possessing a spirit for investigation, determined to make some researches.

A gentleman of the name of Burckhardt, had for a long time premeditated the removal of a colossal bust, known by the name of young Memnon, to England, and had often tried to persuade Ali to send it as a present to his Majesty; however, the Turk did not suppose it worth sending to so great a person. But Belzoni, knowing how much that gentleman wished it, proposed to undertake its conveyance from Thebes to Alexandria, and, with the Bashaw's consent, to forward it from thence to England. He now, therefore, prepared to go up the Nile.

EMILY.—At present he is at Soubra, three miles from Cairo—and where is the bust, mam-

ma? Had Belzoni any motive for wishing to remove it, besides that of pleasing his friend?

Mrs. A.—He was directed to search for this immense statue on the southern side of a ruined temple, in the vicinity of a village called Gournou, near Carnac, and it was intended to present it to the British Museum.

EMILY.—Here is Carnac, mamma, just by Thebes. I have traced the course of the Nile from Cairo, with my little finger, upon the map, until it has brought me to it. Gournou is not marked, but I know its situation.

Mrs. A.—Belzoni was requested to spare neither expence nor trouble, in getting it as speedily conveyed to the banks of the river as possible. So he hired a boat, with four sailors, a boy, and a captain. Every thing was soon ready for their departure from Soubra. The whole of the implements, for the operation of removing the bust, consisted of a few poles and ropes of palm leaves. Mrs. Belzoni accompanied her husband, and they agreed to stay and examine any ruins they might pass on the road.

BERNARD.—But poor James, the Irish boy—where was he, mamma?

Mrs. A.—He was, happily, able to accompany them. And now, you must follow their course

on the map, from Boolac, where they embarked, to Thebes. In six days they arrived at Siout, the capital of Upper Egypt, and from thence they went to Acmin, where they landed to visit the fathers of a convent; and again proceeded, with curiosity highly raised, towards the noted temple of Tentyra. This is the first Egyptian temple the traveller sees, on ascending the Nile, as well as the most magnificent.

BERNARD.—It is just on the banks of that river, mamma.

MRS. A.—No, my love. It is two miles from the Nile, and Belzoni and his party having landed, set off on asses, and proceeded to the ruins. Little could be seen of the temple, till they came near it, as it is surrounded by high mounds of rubbish.

BERNARD.—Ah, Belzoni! I should like to have rode on my own little Smiler beside you!

MRS. A.—When he arrived there, he was for some time at a loss to know in what part to begin his examinations. The numerous objects before him struck him with surprise and astonishment—the immense masses of stone employed in the edifice—the majestic appearance of its construction—the variety of its ornaments,

and the excellent préservation in which he found it, had such an effect upon Belzoni, that he seated himself on the ground, lost in delight and admiration.

LAURA.—I suppose, mamma, that this temple is the cabinet of the Egyptian arts,—and I think I have heard papa say, that it is supposed to have been built during the reign of the first Ptolemy.

MRS. A.—It is not improbable that he who studied to render himself beloved by his people, might erect such an edifice to convince the Egyptians of his superiority of mind, over the ancient kings of Egypt, even in religious devotion.

It will take us too long to describe this famous temple minutely; when Mr. and Mrs. Belzoni had gratified their curiosity, they returned to their little boat, and embarked for Thebes.

EMILY.—They will soon have reached the end of their voyage, and then for the great colossal bust.

Mrs. A.—Belzoni says, that it is impossible to imagine the scene displayed by the extensive ruins at Thebes. It appeared to him, on entering it, like a city of giants, who were all destroyed, leaving only the remains of various temples, as proofs of their former existence. The atten-

tion is attracted on one side, by towering ruins, that project above a noble wood of palm trees, and there the traveller enters an endless number of temples, columns, obelisks, and portals. On every side, he finds himself among wonders. The immense colossal figures in the plains, the number of tombs hollowed in the rocks, those in the great valley of the kings, with their paintings, sculptures, mummies, and figures, are all objects worthy of admiration, and one cannot fail to wonder how a nation, which was once so great as to erect these stupendous edifices, could so far fall into oblivion, that even its language and writing are totally unknown to us.

Having taken a survey of this seat of ancient grandeur, Belzoni crossed the Nile, and bent his way towards the ruined temple, near Gournou. It stands elevated above the plain; he entered the groups of columns, regarding the numerous tombs excavated in the high rock behind them, and his first thought was to examine the bust he had to take away.

He found it on the southern side of the temple, near the remains of its body and chair, with the face upwards. It was beautiful, and of immense size. Laura, who has seen it in the British

Museum, will be able to give you a more accurate account of it.

BERNARD.—I cannot imagine, mamma, how Belzoni could attempt to remove it; you know he had only some poles, and some ropes of palm-leaves—and palm leaf ropes, made ever so strong, would not be able to support such a weight. I think he had better have contrived a car, somewhat like that the African sheep has to rest its tail upon, in “Church’s Cabinet,”—and by this means he might have brought it to the Nile, and then had it placed in a boat, and conveyed to Cairo.

MRS. A.—No bad scheme, my little boy! Belzoni’s whole set of implements consisted of fourteen poles, eight of which he did employ in making a car, similar to what you have proposed; four ropes of palm leaves, and four rollers—they were better than wheels; and he now began to be very busy.

EMILY.—As the bust was some way from the Nile, it would have been too far for them to go to sleep in the boat every night. How did they manage about that?

Mrs. A.—A small hut was formed for them of stones, among the ruins of the temple.

BERNARD.—They were handsomely lodged, however, mamma! But perhaps this little hut might be as comfortable as the shabby old house at Boolac, which they were always expecting to fall upon their heads, and both our travellers are used to put up with inconvenient things.

Well, mother, now for the bust!

Mrs. A.—The season at which time the Nile usually overflows, was fast approaching, and all the lands which extend from the temple to the water side, would have been covered in the course of a month—

BERNARD.—Then I advise Mr. Belzoni, to wait till that time, and then to put his head in a boat, and row, row it away!

Mrs. A.—No such easy matter. The ground between the bust and the river was very uneven, so that unless it had been conveyed over those places before the inundation commenced, it would have been impossible to have effected it. Belzoni, therefore, lost no time. With some difficulty he procured a number of men, and agreed to give them thirty paras a day, which is equal to four pence halfpenny English money, if they would undertake to assist him. A carpenter made a car, somewhat like that which supports the tail of your African sheep, Bernard, only so

very large; and the first operation, was to place the bust upon this simple carriage. The people of Gournou, who were familiar with Caphany, as they named it, were persuaded that it could never be removed from the spot where it lay, and when they saw, what to them appeared so impossible, they set up a shout, and could not believe that it was the effect of their own efforts. The next thing was to place it on the car. Can you guess how Belzoni managed this business?

BERNARD.—I fancy, mamma, that he bound the palm leaf ropes round and round Caphany very fast, and very firmly, and then the men tried and tried, until they had lifted him up, and placed him upon it.

Mrs. A.—Ah, my little friend! you do not evince much knowledge of the mechanical powers, or you could not suppose that this image would be moved by mere personal strength. Now, Owen, what is your opinion?

OWEN.—I should think, mamma, that by means of levers, the bust might be raised so as to leave a vacancy under it, and then the car might be introduced by some of the people, who were standing ready. After Caphany had been lodged on this, the car itself might be raised so as to get one of the rollers beneath, and if the

same operation were performed at the back, he would be ready to be pulled up:—and then, if you please, Bernard, your palm leaf ropes may come in use, to tie him to the carriage, and draw him along.

Mrs. A.—Well, Owen, I am pleased with your conjecture. This is the very method Belzoni pursued, and when he had succeeded in getting it removed some yards from its original place, he sent an Arab to Cairo, with the intelligence that the bust had begun its journey to England. Our ingenious friend reminds me of a remark made by a celebrated writer, “that it is by small efforts frequently repeated, that man completes his greatest undertaking, to have attempted which, at *one* effort, would have baffled his ability,” for he had still many difficulties to encounter. When the Arabs found that they received money for the removal of a stone, they fancied that it was filled with gold in the inside, and that a thing of such value, ought not to be permitted to be taken away.

However, the next day, and the next, and the next, Caphany advanced slowly forwards, and after many delays; owing to the softness of the sand, and to the desertion of some of the workmen, the fear of an inundation, &c. Belzoni had

the gratification of seeing his young Memnon arrive on the banks of the Nile.

EMILY.—It is quite true as you say, mamma, that perseverance is generally crowned with success. But it yet remains to put the colossus in a boat; it has a long, long way to go down the Nile before it arrives at Cairo, and I expect Belzoni intends to stop there, to show it to Mahomed Ali.

MRS. A.—He intends doing so, but no boat is to be had. We must therefore leave the bust where it is for the present, and accompany him, if you please, into one of the caves that are scattered about the mountains of Gournou, and are so celebrated for the quantities of mummies they contain; he wished to see a famous sarcophagus which was in one of them, and thither he went. You know what mummies are.

OWEN.—Mummies are the bodies of dead persons, which have been wrapped up in a great many bandages to preserve them, and a sarcophagus is a sort of tomb or coffin.

MRS. A.—Two Arabs and an interpreter accompanied Belzoni. Previous to entering the cave, they took off the greater part of their clothes, and each having a candle, advanced through a cavity in the rock, which extended a



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considerable length in the mountain, sometimes high, sometimes very narrow, and sometimes so low that Belzoni and his attendants were obliged to creep on their hands and knees. Thus they went on till he perceived that they were at a great distance from the entrance, and the way was so intricate that he depended entirely on the two Arabs to conduct him out again.

OWEN.—I do not envy his situation now, mamma—you know Arabs are sometimes treacherous.

Mrs. A.—At length they arrived at a large place into which many other holes or cavities opened, and after some examination by the Arabs, they entered one of them which was very narrow, and continued downward for a long way, through a craggy passage, till they came where two other apertures led to the interior in a horizontal direction. One of the Arabs then said, “ This is the place.”

OWEN.—Oh, mamma! How I should have trembled! Why did he point out that particular spot? Poor Belzoni! Far from the light of day—in a dark craggy passage in the midst of a dismal mummy cave, and attended only by two Arabs and one other man!—

Mrs. A.—Dismiss your fears, my love. The

Arab pointed out this spot as being the situation of the sarcophagus, but Belzoni could not conceive how any thing so large as it had been described to him could have been taken through so small an aperture. He had no doubt but these recesses were burial places, as skulls and bones were strewed in all directions, but the sarcophagus could never have entered an aperture which even Belzoni himself could not penetrate. One of the Arabs, however, succeeded, as did the interpreter, and it was agreed that Belzoni and the other Arab should wait their return. They certainly proceeded to a great distance, for the light disappeared and only a murmuring sound from their voices could be distinguished as they went on. After a few moments a loud noise was heard, and the interpreter distinctly crying, "*O mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Je suis perdu!*"—a solemn silence ensued.

EMILY.—Oh, mamma, how dreadful! Then he is really lost!

MRS. A.—Belzoni asked the Arab whether he had ever been in that place. He replied, "*Never!*"

EMILY.—I think, mamma, that it would have been his best plan to return and procure help from the other Arabs.

Mrs. A.—He wished to do so, but when he desired the man to show him the way out again, he said he did not know the road—he then called—no answer was returned—all was still as death—he watched for a long time—no candle appeared, and his own was almost burnt out.

OWEN.—This was an adventure indeed, mamma! I am sadly afraid the Arabs had some design on his life—do you not think he had better have endeavoured to find his way to the entrance?

Mrs. A.—It was a complete labyrinth; however, he managed to return through some of the passages to that place, where, as I told you just now, there were many cavities. Here, again he was puzzled; but at last, seeing one which appeared to be right, they proceeded through it a long way. Their candles appeared likely to leave them in the dark, and in that case their situation would have been yet more deplorable.

BERNARD.—Why did not Belzoni put his own out, and save the other?—the Arab had one, you know.

Mrs. A.—Belzoni had more forethought than my little Bernard has,—supposing *that* one had, by some accident, been extinguished.

BERNARD,—Right, mamma:—I forgot that.

Mrs. A.—At this time, supposing themselves near the outside of the tomb, what was their disappointment on finding there was no outlet, and that they must retrace their steps to that place whence they had entered this cavity. They strove to regain it, but were as perplexed as ever, and were both exhausted from the ascents and descents which they were obliged to pass. The Arab seated himself, but every moment of delay was dangerous.

OWEN.—I wonder Belzoni's ingenuity did not make him think of putting a mark at the entrance of each cavity as he examined it, and that plan, you know, might have helped him a little.

Mrs. A.—He did so, but unfortunately their candles were not long enough to last so many researches. However, hope, the cheering star of life, darts a ray of light through the thickest gloom, and encouraged by it, they began their operations. On the second attempt, when passing before a small aperture, Belzoni fancied he heard something like the roaring of the sea at a distance. In consequence they entered this opening, and as they advanced the noise increased, till they could distinctly hear a number of voices all at one time.

BERNARD.—What joy this must have given

them!—as much joy as it gave Owen to hear papa's voice in the wood, when he was lost whilst we were gathering nuts last summer—perhaps more; for I am sure I would rather be lost in a nice green wood than in an Egyptian mummy cave! Go on, dear mamma.

Mrs. A.—At last they walked out, and to their no small surprise, the first person who presented himself was the interpreter. How he came to be there seemed astonishing. He told them, that in proceeding with the Arab along the passage below, they came to a pit which they did not see, and that the Arab fell into it, and in falling put out both candles. It was then that he cried out, "*Mon Dieu! je suis perdu!*" as he thought he also should have fallen into the pit; but, on raising his head, he saw at a great distance a glimpse of daylight, towards which he advanced, and thus arrived at a small aperture. He then scraped away some loose sand and stones to widen the place where he came out, and went to give the alarm to the Arabs, who were at the other entrance. Being all concerned for the man who fell to the bottom of the pit, it was their noise Belzoni had heard in the cave. The place by which the interpreter had

escaped was instantly widened, and in the confusion the Arabs did not regard letting Belzoni see that they were acquainted with *that* entrance, and that it had lately been shut up. He was not long in detecting their scheme. They had intended to show him the sarcophagus without letting him see the way by which it might be taken out, and then to stipulate a price for the secret; as it was in reality but one hundred yards from the great entrance.

EMILY.—So with this view they had taken him that roundabout way. Well, they paid dear for their intended deception! But the man in the pit, mamma,—what became of him?

Mrs. A.—He was taken out of the well, but so much hurt as to be lame ever after. Thus the Arabs defeated their own purpose, and proved that self-interest indeed is blind. When men stoop to the meanness of equivocation or deceit, especially in hopes of promoting their own good, they are artful but not wise; for as we can only judge of the circumstances of the present moment, and cannot foresee consequences, it is very likely, as it proved with the Arabs, that our cunning will bring us into still greater difficulties. It is also certain to deprive us of confi-

dence in the protecting care of Providence, which, as I have often told you, is the greatest support and comfort in every trouble.

BERNARD.—I am glad Belzoni escaped, mamma! I would never have trusted myself with those deceitful Arabs again!

Mrs. A.—Well, Bernard, do you regret Laura's having taken a sketch in Egypt instead of having drawn the spokes of the wheels of your little cart?

BERNARD.—Oh, no mamma—never mind the spokes! I like your account very much. But where is Caphany all this time, with his palm leaf ropes?

Mrs. A.—Two guards are attending him by night and by day. Belzoni at length sent to Cairo for a boat, but as he knew it could not arrive for some time, he formed an enclosure of earth all round the bust, and spent the mean time in visiting various antiquities.

EMILY.—Then his courage was not daunted by that alarm, mamma; many people would not have ventured into mummy caves, at all events, again. How could he preserve his mind from fear?

Mrs. A.—By not indulging it.

OWEN.—Right! right! I like Belzoni, because he possessed real courage—did he not, mamma?

—real fortitude! although he was a little terrified when alone with the Arab in that dismal place, yet he did not let that fear prevent his undertaking other projects. When I am a man, mother, I mean to be a traveller, and to possess as much perseverance as *our Belzoni!*

Mrs. A.—Experience will teach you, my love, that it is not a very easy thing for one unaccustomed to an arduous life, to pass on a sudden from the midst of comfort and indulgence to one that is so irregular.

Belzoni determined to go up the Nile into Nubia, and to leave the bust where it was during his absence. He sent James to Cairo, and discharged the carpenter, so that a small party only remained, and they set off for Esne.

EMILY.—Here is Esne, only a few miles from Thebes, I suppose:—not a very great way, mamma.

Mrs. A.—There they landed just in time to see Khalil Bey, with whom they had become acquainted some time before in Soubra.

BERNARD.—Who was Khalil Bey? we have not heard his name before.

Mrs. A.—He was appointed to the government of the Upper Provinces from Esne to Assouan.

BERNARD.—He received Belzoni very politely, I suppose ?

Mrs. A.—Yes : he was just returned from an excursion into the country, and was much pleased to see him. Our traveller found him with his pipe and coffee, seated on a sofa made of earth, and covered with a fine carpet and satin cushions, surrounded by a great number of his chiefs, Cacheffs and Santons. Khalil Bey was an Albanian, but his mode of life was similar to that of the Egyptians in general.

BERNARD.—Will you tell us what that is, mamma ?

Mrs. A.—The Egyptian rises with the sun to enjoy the morning air : his favourite pipe and beverage are brought him, and he reclines at ease on his sofa. Slaves, with their arms crossed, remain silent at the far end of the chamber, with their eyes fixed on him, seeking to anticipate his smallest wants. His children, standing in his presence, unless he permits them to be seated, preserve every appearance of tenderness and respect : he gravely caresses them, gives them his blessing, and sends them back to the harem. He only questions, and they reply with modesty : they are not allowed that free intercourse with their parents which you enjoy.

BERNARD.—How strange it would appear to us, mamma! I am sure I *should* be miserable if I were obliged to be so *prim!* Never to talk to my own papa! Papa himself would not be happy!

MRS. A.—I grant that there is a great deal of difference between your papa and an Egyptian father, my dear boy. But custom, you know, reconciles us to every thing. The little natives of that country having never known the pleasures of social enjoyment and tender intercourse with their parents, of course, cannot lament their loss.

OWEN.—I think, mamma, that the Egyptian father appears to be the chief, the judge, and the pontiff of his family! But does he spend the rest of the day reclining on his sofa?

MRS. A.—Breakfast ended, he transacts the business of his trade or office. When visitors come, he receives them without many compliments, but in an endearing manner. His equals are seated beside him, with their legs crossed; his inferiors kneel, and sit upon their heels.

BERNARD.—Ah, mamma! that is as the little Laplanders do, around the fire in their comfortable huts.

Mrs. A.—People of distinction are favoured

with a place on a raised sofa, whence they overlook the company. When every person is placed, the slaves bring pipes and coffee, and set the perfume brazier in the middle of the chamber, the air of which is impregnated with its odours, and afterwards present sweetmeats and sherbet.

When the visit is almost ended, a slave, bearing a silver plate, on which precious essences are burning, goes round to the company: each, in turn, perfumes the beard, and then sprinkles rose-water on the head and hands. This being the last ceremony, the guests are permitted to retire.

About noon the table is prepared, and the refreshments are brought in a large tray of tinned copper, and, though not great variety, there is great plenty. In the centre is generally a dish of rice, cooked with poultry, and highly flavoured with spice and saffron. Round this are hashed meats, pigeons, stuffed cucumbers, and delicious melons and fruits. The guests seat themselves on a carpet round the table: a slave brings water in one hand, and a basin in the other, to wash. This is an indispensable ceremony, where each person puts his hand into the dish, and where the use of forks is unknown: it is repeated when the meal is ended. After

dinner they retire to the harem, where they slumber some hours among their wives and children.....Such is the ordinary life of the Egyptians.'

LAURA.—What a monotonous way of spending their time, mamma! Our intellectual pleasures seem unknown to them! The days appear to be passed in repeating the same thing, in following the same customs, without a wish or a thought beyond. And, mamma, how do you, who are such an admirer of industry, tolerate their excessive indolence?

MRS. A.—We must remember, my love, that nine months of the year the body is oppressed by heat; and that, as inaction under a temperate climate is painful, so here repose is enjoyment. Effeminate indolence is born with the Egyptian, grows as he grows, and descends with him to the grave. It influences his inclinations and governs his actions, and, far from daily wishing to obtain knowledge and enlarge the mental powers, he sighs only for calm tranquillity.

OWEN.—Well, mamma! I will allow the idle, solemn and patient Egyptian some little excuse, on the strength of the sultry climate which he endures two-thirds of the year. I know that heat does make one feel languid and indolent:

when I had been haymaking with Frederic last Tuesday, and came home so warm in the evening, I was obliged to lay on the sofa in the breakfast-room, while my cousins were amusing themselves with papa's portfolio in the library, although I particularly wished to join them. Now, if you please, we will go back to Belzoni: we left him at Esne, with Khalil Bey.

MRS. A.—After smoking a few pipes, and drinking as many cups of coffee, he left the Bey and returned to the boat. The following day they continued their voyage, and arrived at Edfu, where a temple, which might be compared with that of Tentyra, tempted our antiquary to land. Having been highly gratified here, they proceeded to Ombos: the ruins that are left at this place gave them a clear idea of what it has been. Our party proceeded, and, before their arrival at Assouan, landed on the western bank of the Nile. Here the country presented a more pleasing aspect than any they had passed since the Chained Mountains. Palm-trees in great abundance grow on each side of the river, and some cultivated spots of ground extend from the Nile to the mountains. The old town of Assouan stands on a hill, which

overhangs the river: on its left is a forest of palm-trees, which hides the modern town; and on its right is the distant view of a granite mountain, that forms the first of the celebrated cataracts. The island of Elephantine seems to interfere with the barrenness of the western banks, and fills the ground with picturesque groups of various trees. Our travellers landed at the foot of a hill on the left of the Nile, and went to see the ruins of a convent on a high rock, where they observed many grottoes, which had served as chapels for Christian worship. The convent is formed of several small arched cells, distinct from each other, and commands a view of the cataract and adjacent country, with the lower part of the Nile.

BERNARD.—What do you mean by *granite*, mamma?

MRS. A.—A sort of stone composed of separate and very large concretions rudely joined together.

When Belzoni returned to the boat, the sun was tinging the horizon with its last beams, and the shades of the western mountains had reached across the Nile and covered the town. He found the Aga (a person employed by the Turkish

Government) and all his retinue seated on a mat, under a cluster of palm-trees, close to the water.

OWEN.—Ha! ha! I guess the Aga is smoking his pipe and drinking his coffee, according to custom, and talking of camels, horses, asses, caravans, or boats: nothing very sublime—nothing very intellectual, Laura!

BERNARD.—Had Belzoni any thing to do with this Aga, mamma?

Mrs. A.—Yes: he made application to him for a boat to carry them to Nubia, and presented to him some tobacco, soap, and coffee, which were gladly accepted: he was a selfish sort of person, and asked a great price for the use of the boat; engaging, however, that one should be ready in a day or two.

The next morning Belzoni went to see the isle of Elephantine: he crossed the Nile in a wee-wee bark, made of the branches of palm-trees, fastened together with small cords, and covered on the outside with a mat, pitched all over. The principal object of attraction there was a temple of great antiquity, built on rocks of blue granite: on the western bank of the island are many trees of cassia and sycamore. Having gratified his curiosity, Belzoni returned;

and, as the Aga's boat was now in readiness, he determined to ascend the Nile to the second cataract, during the interval required for the arrival of the boat from Cairo, which was to convey the colossal bust. They therefore embarked, and, on the following morning, long before the rising of the sun, Belzoni stood at the stern, waiting for its first beams to unveil the beautiful island of Philoe; and he had much gratification in taking a hasty view of its ruins, without stopping to examine them minutely, as he hoped to return that way: he, however, observed several blocks of stones, and an obelisk, which he thought might be easily removed.

EMILY.—Here is Philoe, mamma, in the middle of the Nile, somewhat south of Assouan.

MRS. A.—As the wind was favourable, they again set sail, and arrived in the course of a few days at Deir.

EMILY.—My little finger has arrived at Deir also, mamma; it is the capital of Lower Nubia.

MRS. A.—This town consists of several groups of houses, built of earth intermixed with stones, and covered with reeds.

BERNARD.—Oh, mamma! somewhat like the little bamboo huts in Peru. But how high are they?

MRS. A.—Their height is generally about eight or ten feet : the height of the parlour we are in is between eight and ten feet. At the foot of the sloping and rocky hill is a small temple ; but Belzoni could not go to see it, as he observed that they were closely watched.

BERNARD.— Why were they watched, mamma ?

MRS. A.—You shall hear. Belzoni went immediately to Hassan Cacheff, who received him with an air of suspicion, and wanted to know his business. He told him that he ascended the Nile merely to seek for antiquities, and that he wished to proceed as far as the Shellal, or second cataract. This, the Cacheff said, was impossible ; for the people in the upper country were at war with each other. He then ordered his mat to be brought to him, seated himself close before the door of his house, and invited Belzoni to sit also. The first question he asked him was, whether he had any coffee. Belzoni replied, that they had a little on board for their own use, but that he should have half of it. He next asked for soap, and received the same reply. Then he inquired if they had any tobacco : Belzoni said that he had a few pipes, and they would smoke together. This pleased Hassan Cacheff.

The next question was, whether he had any powder; and the answer he received was, that they had very little, and could not spare any. At this, Hassan laughed, and putting his hand on Belzoni's shoulder, said, "You are English, and can make powder wherever you go."

OWEN.—I should think Belzoni was glad that he thought so; and he had better leave him under this impression, before the selfish, troublesome Cacheff asks any thing more.

MRS. A.—The pipes are not smoked yet, my dear. By this time, however, the tobacco was brought, and the operation began. Hassan still persisted in it that Belzoni's sailors would not advance any farther; for they were afraid, he said, to go into the upper country. Our friend, unwilling to give up his point, used every means of intreaty; and at length frankly told him, that, if he would allow him to pursue his journey, he would make him a very handsome present of a fine looking-glass. Hassan replied, "We will talk of this to-morrow;" and the indefatigable Belzoni returned to his boat.

OWEN.—A looking-glass was a novelty to the Cacheff, I suppose, mamma?

MRS. A.—Yes: Belzoni went again to him early in the morning, and told him that it was

ready for his acceptance, provided he would give him a letter of recommendation to his brother at Ybsambul, which at last he did.

BERNARD.—And so Hassan thought his looking-glass a great treasure! But how came Belzoni to take such a thing with him?

Mrs. A.—Previous to his departure from Cairo, he had taken care to obtain all the information possible respecting the country of Nubia, from the natives who came to that city with dates and charcoal; and from them he learned, that a looking-glass and a few beads would be as valuable in their eyes as gold and diamonds are in ours.

BERNARD.—How large was the Cacheff's looking-glass, mamma? I dare say he admired himself very much!

Mrs. A.—It was about twelve inches square, and made a great impression on the people there, who had never seen so large a one before. The Cacheff was never tired of admiring his dark coloured countenance, and all the attendants behind him strove to get a peep at their own tawny beauty.

Belzoni, entering the boat again, proceeded down the Nile till he arrived at Ybsambul, where two temples presented attractions. I must de-

scribe them, because they were the objects of another voyage up the Nile. In the front of the minor temple were six colossal figures thirty feet high, and hewn out of the rock ; as was also the large temple, which had one figure of an enormous size, with the head and shoulders only projecting out of the sand, and most beautifully executed. On the upper part or frieze of the temple was a line of hieroglyphics, which covered the whole front, and above this a range of figures, in a sitting posture, as large as life. The sand on the north side, accumulated behind on the rock above the temple, had gradually descended towards its front, choked the entrance, and buried two-thirds of it. When Belzoni approached this temple, the hope he had formed of entering it vanished at once ; for the heaps of sand were such as to make it appear an impossibility ever to reach the door. He ascended a hill of sand at the upper part of the temple, and there found the head of a hawk projecting out of the sand only to its neck. From the situation of this figure, he concluded that it was over the door ; but how to get to that door was the grand difficulty.

OWEN.—So it was, mamma ; for you know it was necessary to remove the sand in such a

direction, that it might fall off from the front of the door, but in doing this, the sand from above would continue to fall on the place whence that below was removed and thus render it an almost endless task.

LAURA.—Besides, the natives were like wild people, and knew nothing of working for money; indeed, they were ignorant of money altogether.

MRS. A.—All these difficulties seemed such insurmountable objects that they almost deterred Belzoni from the thought of proceeding; yet perseverance, stimulated by hope, suggested to him such means, that at last, after much exertion, and two voyages thither, he had the satisfaction of entering the great temple of Ybsambul.

BERNARD.—And now, mamma, for adventures! I wonder whether there are any mummy caves at Ybsambul!

MRS. A.—By calculating, Belzoni supposed the door I mentioned to be thirty-five feet below the sand; and having taken a proper measurement of the front of the temple, he found that if he could persuade the people to work with persevering steadiness, he might succeed in the undertaking.

EMILY.—Who was the Cacheff of Ybsambul,

mamma? I think our antiquary had better have applied to him.

MRS. A.—Yes, my love: wishing to do so, he did not examine the smaller temple that night, but followed the road between the rocks of which it is hewn, and arrived on the banks of the Nile, where they embarked, and soon landed at the village. A group of people who were assembled under a grove of palm trees seemed somewhat surprised at the arrival of a stranger. Belzoni desired to see Osseyn Cacheff, telling them that he had a letter for him from his brother.

EMILY.—The selfish Cacheff of Deir, mamma?

MRS. A.—Yes: he for some time received no answer but at last was told that he who sat there was Daoud his son. This was a man about fifty years of age, clad in a light blue gown, with a white rag on his head as a turban, seated upon an old mat on the ground, a long sword and a gun by his side, with about twenty men surrounding him, who were well armed with swords, spears and shields.

Daoud Cacheff begged to know what business had brought Belzoni there. He replied that he had a letter from his uncle directed to his father,

and that he came into that country in search of ancient stones. Daoud laughed, and said that a few months before he had seen another man who came from Cairo in search of treasure, and took away a great deal of gold in his boat, and that Belzoni came for the same purpose, not to take stones. What could he have to do with stones, if it were not to procure gold from them?

BERNARD.—I am afraid Belzoni will be puzzled to convince Daoud. How did he manage, mamma?

MRS. A.—Very cleverly. He told Daoud that the stones he wished to take away were broken pieces belonging to the old Pharaoh people, and that his motive for coming in search of them was to know whether our ancestors came from that country. He then asked where he meant to go in search of these stones. Belzoni said, that the place in the rock had a door, and that by removing the sand they might enter the temple, and should perhaps find many stones there, and accordingly proposed to have it opened. After some difficulty, he managed to convince the people of the value of money, for they had never heard of such a thing, having been accustomed to exchange various articles,

and Daoud at length consented to find workmen, provided Belzoni would give them each two piastres a day, which he consented to do.

OWEN.—Well mamma, Daoud was rather more reasonable than his uncle Hassan, who required so many presents before he would allow Belzoni to continue his voyage. But there now remains consent to be obtained from Osseyne Cacheff, Daoud's father.

MRS. A.—This was the greatest difficulty; he lived at Eshke, a mile and a half up the Nile. To secure his favour (for favour in this land may often be procured by bribes), Belzoni sent forwards to him some rice, sugar, and tobacco; and received on board in the evening some sour milk and warm thin cake of dhourra bread.

BERNARD.—What is *dhourra*, mamma?

MRS. A.—The common grain of Egypt, my love. The bread is baked on a flat stone raised at each corner so as to admit a fire under it, the paste, which is soft, being laid on it, spreads in a minute over the stone; as soon as one cake is baked another is done in the same manner, and so on, and this dhourra bread forms the general food of the country.

EMILY.—It is made very much in the same manner as the fisherman's wife (whom we saw

at that pretty cottage on the Cumberland mountains), was making her oat-cakes. Do you remember, Bernard?

BERNARD.—Oh, yes! yes! and the fisherman's rosy boys showed me how to catch shrimps in a little net, whilst you looked at the woman making them.

Go on, mamma. I want to know what the Cacheff said to Belzoni.

Mrs. A.—They went the next morning to his residence at Eshke, and were told that he was from home, but would return in a few days. This occasioned some disappointment; but as Mr. and Mrs. Belzoni did not wish to return to Ybsambul without having had an interview with him, they went on towards the second Cataract, and about nine, two mornings after they had left Eshke, they made for the shore, as near as possible to the last cultivated land on the left.

EMILY.—I have found the situation of the second Cataract, mamma, and the place of which you speak must be Wady Halfa.

Mrs. A.—A few of the natives came to look at the strangers, and, at Belzoni's request, they willingly brought asses for them to ride to the cataract; and now, Bernard, place yourself on your own little Smiler, and fancy yourself one of the

party. Proceed to the Cataract and take several views in different directions. Mount the rocks, and take a survey of the wide sandy deserts. Observe the wild antelopes that are skipping about on the crags of the few black cliffs which project here and there, and having enjoyed the grand prospect afforded by this Cataract, and as the sun again is sinking beneath the horizon, return to the little bark.

BERNARD.—And from thence, mamma, where shall I go?

MRS. A.—You may accompany Mr. and Mrs. Belzoni, who immediately crossed for the isle of Mainarty, where they arrived at dusk. They saw fires and people at a distance, but on landing, could not find any one. The huts were left, with all they had, which consisted only of dry dates, and a kind of paste made of the same, which they kept in large vases of clay baked in the sun, and covered with baskets made of palm leaves; a baking stove, and a mat to sleep upon, comprized the whole of their furniture.

OWEN.—Ah! they little expected visitors at such a time! I suppose they were honest themselves, as they did not suspect their neighbours: but pray, mamma, how large is this island?

Mrs. A.—The whole of the island is about an eighth of a mile in length and half as much in breadth. The whole settlement consisted of four men and seven women, with two or three children. They have no communication with the main land, except when the water is low, for at any other time, the current, being just under the Cataract, is so rapid that it is impossible to ford it, and boats never go to this island. They are poor but happy, knowing nothing of the enticing luxuries of the world, and resting content with what Providence supplies, as the reward of their industry. They have a few sheep and goats, which supply them with milk, and the few spots of land they have are all cultivated, producing a little dhourra, which you know is the principal food they require. The wool of their sheep they spin into yarn; they wind the thread round little stones, and thus suspend them to a long stick fixed in a horizontal position between two trees, to form a warp; and by passing another thread alternately between these, fabricate a kind of coarse cloth, with which they make their dress.

EMILY.—When we were overtaken by the thunder storm last summer, we went into the weaver's cottage at the end of the park, mam-

ma, therefore I understand what you mean by the warp : but this plan is still more simple than our weaver's. I wonder how they pass the woof—you do not mention their having a shuttle :—I should like to live in Mainarty, mamma ! But where are the inhabitants all this time ?

MRS. A.—It was quite dark when Belzoni found this poor and truly happy people. They had lighted a fire to make their bread, and the light of this fire directed him to the spot where they were. I suppose they had been terrified by having seen him at a distance, for they were all hid in a hole, under some ruins of an old castle, which stands on the south side of the island, and when he approached them, the women set up a loud scream. A person who was with him, a native of Nubia, could talk their language, and managed to pacify them, but could not entice more than one man out of the hole.

BERNARD.—I cannot think why they were so much alarmed ; and to hide in that hole was very curious—like playing at hide and seek, mamma.

MRS. A.—Their fear was owing to some depredations committed by the robbers of Wady Halfa, a few years before, who at low water forded over to the island, and did all the injury that could be done to such people. The strangers

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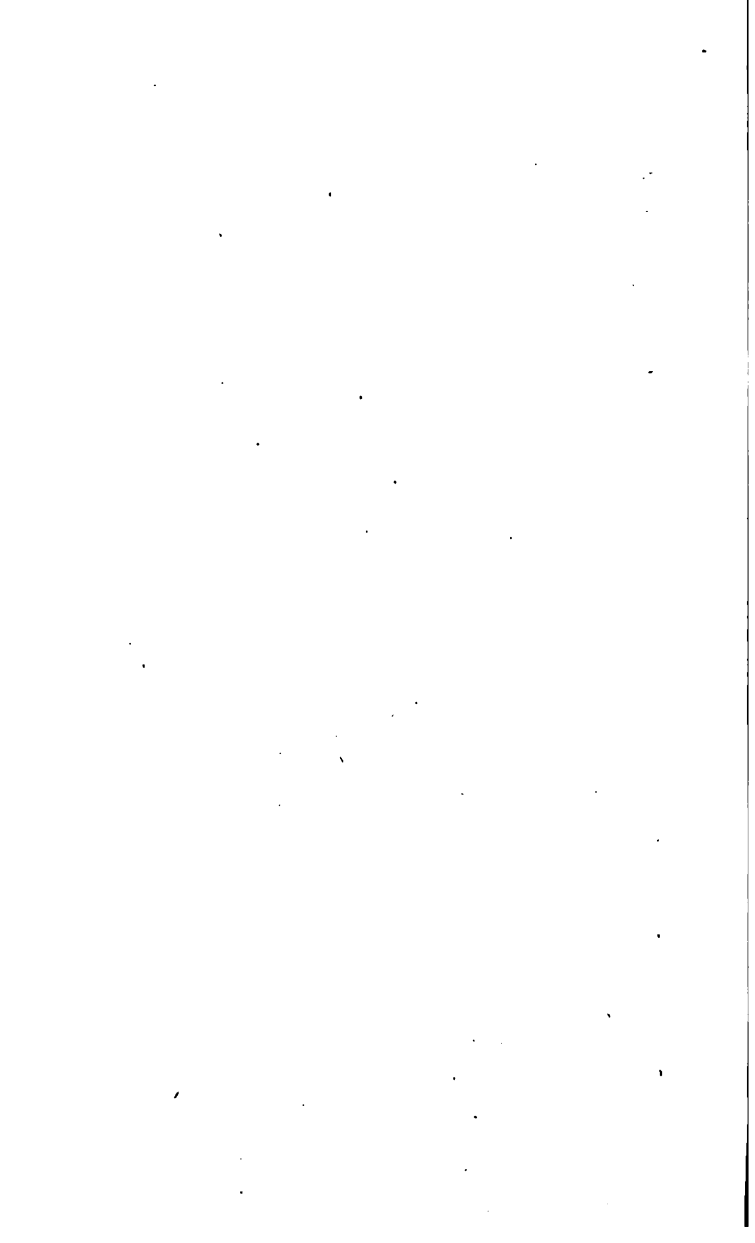


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assured them that they were not like the robbers of Wady Halfa, but only came to get some one to shew them the way to the Cataract. At this they were more alarmed than ever, and said that it never happened that boats passed higher than Wady Halfa,—it being impossible to proceed farther, owing to the quantity of rocky islands. At last, however; they prevailed upon two of the men to accompany them the following morning, and pilot them towards the Cataract as far as the boat could go.

BERNARD.—What a great deal of courage Belzoni had!

Mrs. A.—According to agreement, they went on board, and with a strong north wind advanced in their little bark until they found themselves so tossed about, by the different currents and eddies, as to prevent a farther progress; and at the same time so situated, that they could not return back for fear of being driven against some of the rocks which threatened them on each side.

EMILY.—They are in a deplorable situation again, mamma! Unable to go backwards or forwards—but no treacherous or deceitful Arabs are with them now.

Mrs. A.—They were confined to one spot for

about an hour. Sometimes they had a rapid start for a hundred yards, then, all at once, were stopped and turned round in spite of all their efforts, and of the north wind which blew very hard. At last they were caught on a sudden in one of the eddies of water, and driven against a sharp rock, concealed about two feet below the surface. The shock was dreadful: it is impossible to describe Belzoni's emotions, for he thought at the moment that the boat was split in two—and the object of his tenderest solicitude was on board—for her, he saw no mode of escape—had he been alone, he might have swam on shore.—However, his trust in the protecting care of Providence did not forsake him—they found that no harm was done, and that by crossing the rock they were on, they might reach the other side of the river. They did so as quickly as possible, and landed, rejoicing in the thought of the danger they had escaped. They were obliged to pursue their route on foot; carrying with them provisions and water, they proceeded on the rocks, over a plain of sand and stones, until they arrived at one called *Aspir*, which is the highest in the neighbourhood of the Cataract, and commands a complete view of the falls.

EMILY.—And now our lovers of nature are well repaid, I have no doubt, mamma, for the prospect must have been very fine.

Mrs. A.—Belzoni says that it was a truly magnificent scene. The several thousand islands, of various forms and sizes, with as many different falls of water, running rapidly onward, whilst counter-currents returned with equal velocity; the blackness of the stones; the verdant foliage of the trees, scattered on the islets, intermixed with the white bubbling froth of the numerous cascades, formed a picture neither to be described nor delineated.

Having been thus compensated for their venturous excursion, our travellers returned by a little route to Ybsambul.

BERNARD.—The temples are at that place, and now we shall hear how Belzoni endeavoured to persuade the natives to open them, and what Ossyen Cacheff, who, I suppose, was come home by this time, said to him.

Mrs. A.—He went immediately to his son Daoud, who presented to him a letter from his father, and sent for the men who were selected for the work. These people were complete savages, and wholly unacquainted with any kind of labour. However, according to direc-

tion, they began their undertaking in such a manner, that the sand would fall off from the centre of the front of the temple, where the door was supposed to be.

BERNARD.—Had they spades to dig away the sand, mamma?

Mrs. A.—No: not spades; but a long stick with a cross piece of wood at the end, at each extremity of which was a rope.

BERNARD.—I understand, mamma. One man would draw the cross stick back, and another man would pull it forwards. Did this plan answer?

Mrs. A.—Yes: they found it very useful in clearing away the sand, and as this was the first day of their enterprize, they proceeded better than Belzoni had expected; all their thoughts and talk were on the quantity of gold, pearls, and jewels they should find in the place.

LAURA.—That was a good thing, mamma, because it acted as a stimulus for them to proceed.

Mrs. A.—Thus they went on for some days, but as they had not before known the value of money, so now their wish to obtain it knew no bounds: they continually wished to procure more than their employer allowed them; the other people also began to desire it, and came



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in such numbers, that had he wished it he would have found it difficult to supply them all. Their desire to see the inside of the temple, and to plunder what it might contain, increased, and they gave Belzoni to understand, that all that was there was their own property, and that the treasure should be for themselves. He in vain endeavoured to assure them, that he expected to find nothing but stones, and wanted no treasure; they still persisted, that if he took away the stones, the treasure was in them, and that if he could make a drawing or likeness of them, he could extract the treasure from *it* also, without their perceiving it.

OWEN.—They had great confidence in Belzoni's ability, however, mamma, as well as an uncommon degree of superstition!

Mrs. A.—Some proposed, that if any figure were discovered, it should be broken before he carried it away, to examine the inside.

OWEN.—How provoking! Then poor Belzoni had no encouragement to proceed;—it was not of much use to take so much pains, only in the end to gratify the selfish curiosity of those savages,—and according to this, he might not make drawings, much less take away any statue or any thing else that might be found. I think,

under such circumstances, mamma, it will not lessen our ideas of his perseverance and patience if he does give up opening this temple:—I cannot bear the thought of his spending so many days to no purpose!

MRS. A.—From the slow progress, or rather from the immense quantity of sand accumulated together, Belzoni perceived that his work would require more time than he could spare at that period before its completion; still he would have persevered had not another and a stronger motive presented itself.

BERNARD.—What was that, mamma?

MRS. A.—The want of that very article which a few days before was despised and unknown, and now he found that he absolutely could not proceed without it.—It was *money* which, even here, had shown its usual power among mankind of exciting avarice and a selfish disposition.

OWEN.—And here the sentence I repeated in my Latin lesson this morning is just à propos, mamma, “the love of money increases as the money itself increases.”

BERNARD.—But perhaps, mother, Belzoni was nearer the door than he expected,—he could not see through the sand, you know. I wanted him to have met with some adventures in this

temple, and I, for *my* part, do not like him to give it up!

Mrs. A.—I will tell you how he managed. He had some water brought up from the Nile, and poured down close to the door.

OWEN.—Ha! ha! a very clever plan! just like our ingenious Belzoni! This would stop the sand from running until he had made a hole deep enough to perceive whether they were near the door. I hope they are!—He supposed, in the first place, that the sand was about thirty-five feet in thickness, and how many feet had they removed it, do you think, mamma?

Mrs. A.—They had removed so much sand as to uncover twenty feet in the temple, but from the hole that was made, Belzoni perceived that it would require a longer time to reach the door than he could stay, and more money than he could afford, although the colossal statues above the door were by this time completely exposed. He therefore obtained a promise from the Cacheff that no one should touch the place till his return (which would probably be in a few months), and contenting himself with putting a mark where the sand was before his operation had commenced, and taking a sketch of

the exterior of the temple, he quitted it, with a firm resolution of returning some time to accomplish its opening.

EMILY.—Well, mother, he acted both prudently and judiciously; but I should have been afraid lest the selfish people who had worked for him should have opened it in the mean time. However, where did he go next, and when did he return to Young Memnon, who has been staying this long period at Thebes, banked up with earth and palm-leaf ropes?

Mrs. A.—They set off in the boat, and descending the Nile rapidly, arrived in a few days at Shellal.

EMILY.—My little finger is following them rapidly, too, mamma; and here is Shellal, or the first Cataract, marked on the map;—we passed it before, I recollect.

Mrs. A.—When they reached the Isle of Philoe, Belzoni took particular notice of the small obelisk which he hoped at some future time to bring to England, and he sent for the Aga of Assouan.

EMILY.—We are got back to Assouan, are we, mamma?—I remember it, just on the opposite side of the Nile to that of the Cataract—and

I remember the selfish Aga, too, who asked such a sum for the use of his boat: why did Belzoni send for him?

Mrs. A.—To persuade him to use his interest in having the obelisk taken down the Cataract; but this, for want of a boat, could not be effected that season. I mentioned the obelisk to you before.

OWEN.—Yes, mamma: it was formed of granite, twenty-two feet in length and two in breadth, so that it would want a pretty large boat to convey it.

Mrs. A.—Belzoni took possession of it, giving the Aga four dollars to pay a guard for it till his return. The next day they proceeded to Assouan by land. On their arrival they were informed there were no boats to take them to Esne, so there they were obliged to wait.

EMILY.—I do not expect the time was lost on Belzoni; yet I am sorry for him to meet with this delay, for he no doubt was anxious to return to Thebes, and to see his young Memnon once more.

Mrs. A.—What we cannot help, we must of course endure. Our enterprizing friend often found it so, and he amused himself during this period by taking another tour in Elephantine.

EMILY.—And when he returned to Assouan, had the boat made its appearance?

Mrs. A.—No: no boat had yet arrived. The delay was tedious; however, nothing could be done but to submit to it.

Belzoni was seated one evening under a grove of palm trees, eating some rice soup with the Aga, when an Arab came and whispered in the ear of the latter, as if he had something of great importance to communicate.

Bernard.—I should not have thanked him for the interruption; I do not like the Arabs at all, since they treated Belzoni so shabbily in the mummy cave.

Mrs. A.—The Aga rose, though his dinner was not finished, and went away with the air of a man of great business.

Bernard.—That looked very suspicious; what do you think the Arab had whispered to him?

Mrs. A.—You will hear in time. Half an hour after he returned, accompanied by two other persons of distinction and an old man. They all seated themselves around him, and after introducing the affair with some caution, asked Belzoni whether he should like to purchase a large piece of diamond. It is true he was no diamond merchant: however, he told the Aga, that if the article were good, and they could agree, he would buy it, but that it was necessary for him to see it first. The Aga said that the

piece had been found by one of the natives of that place, and, as he was not in want of money, it had been preserved in the family for many years. The original proprietor being now dead, his successor wished to dispose of it.

Belzoni requested to see it, and therefore retired with them to some distance, out of the way of the people; when the old man, with great solemnity, took a small wooden box from a pocket in his leather belt. In this was a paper, which he unfolded; after that, two or three others, till at last he opened the *sanctum sanctorum*. Belzoni took its contents in his hands with no small degree of expectation, but alas! how did he look, when he perceived that this great treasure, which had been so long carefully stored, was only part of the stopple of a common glass cruet, of the size of a hazel-nut, with two or three little gilt flowers upon it! All his hopes vanished: and as the others were attentively regarding his motions, they could not fail to observe the disappointment marked in his countenance, and their hopes vanished too. When they were told it was only a piece of glass, the words affected their minds like the unhappy tidings of some great misfortune; they walked off in solemn silence, not without giving him an inquiring look to learn whether he were really

in earnest. But he also shared their disappointment, and the smile on his face could give them no hopes.

BERNARD.—What ignorance! to mistake a piece of glass for a diamond! I am glad it was no worse! When you told us, mamma, that the Aga walked off in solemn silence, I began to be alarmed for Belzoni.

Well, is the boat arrived?

Mrs A.—No: no boat is yet to be seen. Belzoni, therefore, proposed bespeaking two camels, and travelling to Esne by land; when this resolution was known, a boat was soon in readiness, and he discovered that the whole delay was a fraud to detain him at Assouan, several little barks having been concealed in different places. Our travellers had a rapid and agreeable voyage down the Nile, and reached Luxor in safety.

EMILY.—Luxor, just by Thebes, mamma, here it is.

Did they find the boat come from Cairo, to take Caphany thither?

Mrs. A.—The Cacheff had procured one, and when they arrived at Thebes, they found it fastened to the bank where the colossal head was. Belzoni met with much opposition when he wished to remove this great bust; some thought that it would overbalance the boat, and consequently

be lost in the Nile ; others wished to retain it, supposing it contained gold ; and others alleged that it was impossible to put it into the boat, as the bank was more than fifteen feet above the level of the water, which had retired at least a hundred feet from it. His vexation was great, in thinking that all his efforts and exertion in bringing the head to the Nile were to no purpose, and that it would probably never reach England, as the opposition was so powerful.

OWEN.—After having taken so much pains ! After having made the car, and the palm leaf ropes ! After having employed so many days in removing it !—Ah, Belzoni ! how little they knew how to appreciate your industry.

Mrs. A.—Perseverance in laudable pursuits, as I have often told you, will reward all our labour, and produce effects even beyond our calculation !

With some trouble, Belzoni collected a hundred and thirty men, and, under his superintendance, they began to make a causeway, by which to convey the head down to the river side. This was finished the next day, and the bust brought to the edge of the slope ready to be embarked.

BERNARD.—And how was that managed, dear mamma ?

Mrs. A.—It required some thought, for it was no easy undertaking to put a piece of granite, of such bulk and weight, on board a boat, that, if it received the weight on one side, would immediately upset.

OWEN.—Could the Egyptians furnish no mechanical powers, mamma, and thus render the operation more practicable?

Mrs. A.—No, my dear. It was to be done without the smallest help of that kind, or even a single tackle, and with poles and ropes only.

LAURA.—The people there know scarcely anything of mechanics, Owen; their utmost sagacity reaches only to pulling a rope, or sitting on the extremity of a lever, as a counterpoise or balance.

BERNARD.—Will you tell me, dear Laura, what you mean by a lever?

LAURA.—A lever, my love, is the foundation of all the mechanical powers. It is nothing more than a strait stick, or bar of wood or iron:—

OWEN.—Did you never read, in “Sandford and Merton,” Bernard, about the snowball which they rolled along with so much ease, by using two long sticks, which were called levers? I will read it to you, and explain all that you want to know, another time, if you will let man-

ma go on without being so particular. We are wandering from Belzoni. Now, mother, will you tell us how the head was let down that steep bank?

Mrs. A.—Yes: provided you will allow little Bernard to have his questions answered another time, without expressing impatience.

The causeway was made gradually sloping to the edge of the water, close to the boat, and with the four poles a bridge was formed from the bank into the centre of the boat.

EMILY.—I understand, mamma; and so when the weight bore on the bridge, it pressed only on the middle of the boat.

OWEN.—And this slender bridge rested partly on the causeway, partly on the side of the boat, and partly on the centre of it.

Mrs. A.—On the opposite side of the boat Belzoni put some mats, well filled with straw. A few Arabs were stationed in it, and some at each side, with a lever of palisade wood, as there was nothing else. At the middle of the bridge he placed a sack filled with sand, that in case the colossus should run too fast into the boat, it might be stopped.

OWEN.—How did he contrive to make it descend gradually? You know if they had given it

a push, and it had gone *at once*, it would have overbalanced the boat, and perhaps drowned the Arabs.

MRS. A.—Behind the colossus, Belzoni had the trunk of a palm-tree firmly planted, round which a rope was twisted, and then fastened to the car, so that it might descend gently. He set a lever at work on each side, and at the same time that the men in the boat were pulling, others were slackening the ropes, and others moving the rollers as the colossus advanced.

OWEN.—I wish it a prosperous journey! How nicely Belzoni managed it. I should like to have seen the men all at their work, each so busy in his own station. Well, mamma?

MRS. A.—Thus it descended very, very slowly, from the main land to the causeway, when it sunk a good deal, as the causeway was made of fresh earth. However, this was better than if it had run too fast towards the water. Belzoni thought so too, for if it had fallen into the Nile, it would have been not only a mortification to himself, but a disappointment to many antiquaries in England, who were longing for its arrival. However, it went safely on board.

BERNARD.—Delightful, mamma! I am as glad as Belzoni himself could have been!

MRS. A.—The Arabs, who were of opinion that it would go to the bottom of the river, or crush the boat, were all attention, as if anxious to know the result, as well as to learn how the operation was to be performed. When the owner of the boat, who considered it as lost, witnessed Belzoni's success, and saw the huge piece of stone, as he called it, safely on board, he came forward and heartily congratulated him. Belzoni was rejoiced to see his long anticipated project thus crowned with success.

The party arrived at Cairo the following month. Thence they proceeded to Rosetta.

EMILY.—Here is Rosetta, mamma, on the western branch of the Nile, and near its mouth. But was the colossus landed there?

MRS. A.—Yes: and as tackle was to be had, of which Belzoni was destitute before, as well as proper workmen, it was rendered quite an easy operation, and conveyed in safety to the Bashaw's magazine, there to await its embarkation for England.

Mr. Belzoni became acquainted with a gentleman at Rosetta, who received him into his house in a most hospitable manner, and was much interested in his affairs, feeling the pleasure of a true Englishman in seeing one of the

most finished articles of Egyptian art ready to be embarked for his native country. And here we will for the present take leave of our friend, wishing that the indefatigable zeal displayed in all he undertakes may be rewarded with equal success: and you, my dear children, whenever you want a stimulus to patient, persevering industry, think of Belzoni!

CHAP. II.

LAURA was a botanist. She loved to ramble in search of wild flowers, and she frequently did so before breakfast. A few mornings after the preceding conversation, the sun arose with uncommon splendour; but the glistening dewdrops moistened every blade of grass, and bespangled every leaf. Laura, instead of wandering in her favourite fields, proceeded through the little green gate of the shrubbery, and followed a winding gravel path that brought her to the stable-yard, in which were the children's gardens. Here she found Bernard, busily employed with his spade: carefully replacing flowers that were trampled down, trimming them and clean-

ing them, and planting them anew ; the border which he had cultivated with so much delight, was all in confusion and disorder ; the cherry-tree, from which he had promised himself so much pleasure, in presenting its first fruits to his mother, was pulled down from the palisades against which it had been trained ; his little crop of wheat was levelled with the ground ;— the young liburnums were eaten ; the rose-tree was broken ; all was a scene of desolation and confusion ! Yet the persevering little Bernard did not complain ; he smiled and looked at Laura ; Laura smiled also, for she guessed what thoughts were passing in his mind.

Our young readers may wish to know what can have been the cause of all this disturbance. The little gardens, as we have said, were in the stable-yard. A door that led into the stable had, unintentionally, been left open ; Smiler had taken the liberty of walking out, and had been tempted by a pendant branch of Bernard's cherry-tree to trample upon that very spot, where his little master had bestowed so much pains, and in which he had passed many a happy hour, toiling in the heat of his brow. Laura watched her brother. He smoothed the ground with the little rake his papa had given him ; he dug a

hole, and placed his rose-bush afresh, only first cutting off the broken stalks; he then, with the utmost patience, and without uttering one complaint, assisted the gardener to train the poor cherry-tree in its former station, holding the little tin tacks and the shreds of list, as James held his hand to receive them; and James, the gardener, and Bernard together, after working for two hours, had the satisfaction of beholding the garden restored to neatness and order.

Bernard came in to breakfast. His cheeks glowed with a brighter red than usual; his countenance beamed cheerfulness and joy; he seemed in perfect good-humour with himself and with every one around him, and every one appeared in good-humour with him; this was the effect of his industry.

His mother, who had heard from Laura how the morning had been passed, said,

“ Well, my love, you have proved the truth of my assertion, that perseverance, exerted in laudable undertakings, will reward all our labour, and produce effects beyond our fondest hopes !”

“ Ah, mamma !” said Bernard, “ it was Belzoni who first taught me to exert it ! You know, I saw what he gained, by perseverance, so I

thought I would follow his example, and not give way to despair. You do not regret having given me that account of Belzoni, do you, mamma?"

"No, indeed, my dear boy!" replied the fond and affectionate mother; "I am delighted in witnessing the first fruits of my story; and having thus profited by the first account of our enterprizing traveller, you are well entitled to another." A tear glistened in Bernard's eyes as his mother bestowed this well-merited praise.

He dispatched his basin of milk; the breakfast things were soon removed; the maps were once more laid on the table, and Mrs. A. commenced her narrative of Belzoni's second excursion up the Nile.

In 1817 a boat was prepared, well covered with mats, and closely lined all round, with a curtain to the door, to prevent the dust or wind from penetrating the cabin.

Belzoni and his little party embarked from Boolac.

EMILY.—Will you tell me, mamma, what is the principal object of this voyage, and to what place they went first, that I may follow them upon the map?

Mrs. A.—Antiquities had touched a chord in

Belzoni's heart : they were the chief objects of his researches. He now more particularly wished to visit the temple of Ybsambul, and to make preparations for opening it; when that was accomplished, he intended to return to the Valley of Beban el Malook, and to endeavour to enter the tombs of the kings, and afterwards to visit the Pyramids.

Do you recollect the temple I mention ?-

OWEN.—Yes: perfectly well. Belzoni had just made a hole in the sand, when he left it before, and had discovered that he had then neither time nor money for exploring it. I shall be glad if he succeed now. I have wished all along for him to go back to Ybsambul; and I hope the men will behave better this time, and not make him say, "*crescit amor nummi.*"

MRS. A.—Their departure from Boolac was attended with a contrary wind, which caused their progress up the Nile to be so slow, that in four days they only reached Tabeen.

LAURA.—A little village on the eastern bank, opposite Dajior, Emily.

EMILY.—Then they passed by Cairo, and by several pyramids, for here is Dajior, but Tabeen is not marked.

LAURA.—Because it is so insignificant a place,

I suppose. You can put a little mark with your pencil, my love.

Mrs. A.—It was at this village, Bernard, that Belzoni drew a view of the distant Pyramids, from which sketch Laura was taking hers the other evening, at the time you thought them so uninteresting.

Bernard.—My opinion is changed now, mamma :—it is best not to form a judgment too soon,—is it not? I quite love the name of that little village: *I* do not call it insignificant, for Laura's drawing led to my knowledge of Belzoni. How long did he stop there, mother?

Mrs. A.—When the sketch was taken, they proceeded to Meimond, where their attention was attracted by the cheerful sound of a tambourine, by which they concluded that there was an Arabic feast in the village, and leaving their comfortable bark, they went on shore.

Bernard.—I wonder if they were dancing in the odd manner you told us about before, with their arms over each other's shoulders, and bowing about.

Mrs. A.—However it might be, they were not much gratified by the sight, and therefore, returning to their boat, went on to Minieh.

Emily.—I have found Minieh, mamma. It

appears to be about half way between Cairo and Thebes. Did they land there?

MRS. A.—Yes: it was necessary to do so, on account of seeing Hamet Bey, who has command over all the boats on the river.

OWEN.—Ha! ha! I dare say he styles himself admiral of the Nile, and thinks himself as great as any admiral on the sea!

MRS. A.—Belzoni found this mighty commander sitting on a wooden bench, and attended by two or three of his sailors; and here he also saw two Copts, who had been sent by Mr. Drouetti up the Nile, in search of antiquities.

EMILY.—In search of antiquities, mamma, like Belzoni! then I suppose there will be some emulation between them, and I am glad of it; but I should like to know who this Mr. Drouetti is; the Copts, we already know, are descended from the first Egyptians who became Christians.

OWEN.—I think, Emily, it was very unfortunate for Belzoni that he did meet with these men; how can you tell but they may go to Ybsambul and finish removing the sand, and so spoil all the nice plans that I have in my head.

EMILY.—Indeed, Owen, I cannot tell what those may be, but will you tell us, mamma, who Mr. Drouetti was?

Mrs. A.—He was the Ex-French Consul, in Alexandria, and Owen is right in supposing Belzoni would rather have avoided these men; especially as he learned that they wished to arrive at Thebes before him, and to purchase all that the Arabs had found during the preceding season.

Owen.—How provoking! but the Copts were at an equal distance from Thebes with Belzoni: why, therefore, need they arrive there before him?

Mrs. A.—Because their mode of travelling on asses or horses was much more speedy than the progress of the boat could possibly be, and thus Belzoni would have no chance of regaining the spot of ground where you recollect he found the statues.

Emily.—Yes, mamma: upon the plain at Thebes, where, you told us, “the traveller finds himself on every side among wonders.”

Mrs. A.—He was not long considering how to act, and resolved to set off immediately by land, and, by travelling day and night, was in hopes of reaching the place before them. Accordingly a horse and an ass were got ready; and taking with him his Greek servant, he left Mr. Beechey (the young gentleman who accom-

panied him on this journey) to come up the Nile at his leisure.

EMILY.—But where was Mrs. Belzoni?

Mrs. A.—She was left at Cairo, with the British Chancellor. Now I will tell you with what expedition this rapid journey was completed. Look on the map, Emily.

EMILY.—My finger is at Minieh, mamma.

Mrs. A.—Our travellers set off at midnight, and forced marches brought them the next morning to Manfatout. From this place they hastened without delay, and arrived at Siout before daylight. At sunrise they mounted again, and arrived before dark at Tahta. Here they rested in a convent for four hours, started afresh by the light of the moon, and reached Girgeh in the night.

EMILY.—That must have been very pleasant, mamma; I should like to ride upon a donkey by moonlight, when the moon was just peeping from behind some dark clouds, and all around was silent and still.

Mrs. A.—They resumed their journey at one o'clock in the morning, reached Farshout at noon, and, after a delay of four hours; in consequence of not finding a fresh horse immediately, arrived at night at a village near Badjoura.

Here they rested two hours, and arrived at Geneh at three. Having dined, they proceeded onward, rested a couple of hours at Benut at night, and reached Luxor the following noon.

And now, Owen, what say you to becoming a traveller ?

OWEN.—I say, mamma, that Belzoni deserves a great deal of praise, and that I should like to have been in his place.

Mrs. A.—I see you cannot form any idea of the difficulties a person must undergo, travelling through a tract entirely destitute of the necessaries of life, and sleeping only for eleven hours during five days !

BERNARD.—But had he nothing to eat all that time, mamma ? Are there no inns in Egypt ?

Mrs. A.—The fathers of the convents at some of the towns through which he passed afforded him great accommodation. They provided him with beasts and provisions for the road immediately on his arrival ; and, in places where there was no convent, he went to the house of the Sheik el Balet, where travellers of all sorts assemble at night : they are somewhat like our inns, but without our accommodations. Indeed, he was so fatigued and stiff, that any place of

of prostrate columns which literally strew the ground, made him remain a long time motionless with rapture; and he more than once felt inclined to prostrate himself before monuments, the erection of which seemed to surpass the genius and the powers of man.

OWEN.—I think this scene would have suited Laura, mamma: she is fond of any thing sublime.

LAURA.—Yes: how much I should have enjoyed wandering with Belzoni in that magnificent place! I have often thought so when I have been looking at the view of it. I think, mamma, Rollin very justly observes, that “Egypt seemed to place its chief glory in raising monuments for posterity.”

BERNARD.—Will you shew us the drawing, dear Laura?

The kind sister rose, and fetched a large, very large folio volume from the library table, and turned to a plate representing the extensive ruins of the temple at Carnac.

Mrs. A.—Belzoni was there early in the morning, when the sun was rising, and the long shades from the various groups of columns extended over the ruins, intermixed with the rays

of light striking on the masses in various directions, formed such delightful views, as (he tells us) baffle all description.

OWEN.—Do you think, mamma, that Belzoni was more pleased with this temple than with the temple of Tentyra? I remember you said, that when he first saw *that*, he seated himself upon the ground, lost in wonder and admiration.

MRS. A.—He thought that edifice exceeded this in point of preservation, and in the beauty of its workmanship and sculpture; but here he was lost in a mass of colossal objects, every one of which, to use his own animated language, was sufficient of itself alone to attract his whole attention.

EMILY.—These majestic objects gave Belzoni more delight than that which he received on escaping from the mummy cave, I think, mamma; or even than that he experienced in seeing young Memnon safe in the magazine at Cairo.

MRS. A.—It was a superior pleasure, my love, and a pleasure which superior minds only can enjoy. Association gave it one grand charm.

EMILY.—What do you mean by *association*, mother?

MRS. A.—The connexion of our ideas is called

association. As Belzoni viewed the battles, processions, triumphs, feasts, and offerings painted and sculptured on the walls, he did not doubt but they related to the ancient history of a country universally admitted to be

“ The queen of nations, and the boast of times,
Mother of science and the house of gods.”

This idea would lead a contemplative mind to look back on the days and deeds of other times—to the consideration that all human greatness is transitory and fleeting—and that the time would come when even these memorials of former magnificence should be levelled with the ground, and known no longer. These reflections would be very natural; do you not think so?

EMILY.—Yes, mamma; and such feelings would be both melancholy and pleasing. Now will you tell us whether those Copts have arrived at Thebes?

Mrs. A.—It was quite late when our friend left the ruins, and returned to Luxor, to the little hut of an Arab, who ceded to him part of his chamber and a mat, which he tells us formed an excellent bed. He was told that the two Copts had arrived, and had begun their researches extensively.

EMILY.—That was very mortifying intelligence! But travellers must learn to endure disappointments. Yet I am sorry for Belzoni, to be thus repaid after having travelled, day and night, so many hundred miles!

BERNARD.—I think, mamma, that the Arab's mat was rather better than the sugar-cane bed! But what a change! from those grand and delightful ruins to a little hut!

Mrs. A.—He was obliged to be contented, however, my love. Being unable to procure many men on the east side of the Nile, he determined to try what could be done on the west, as he had the good-will of the Cacheffs there: but, unfortunately, the boat with Mr. Beechey had not arrived, and he could not proceed for want of money: having from prudence, as he came by land, brought but little with him. Accordingly he left his interpreter, and set off in a small boat to meet his friend. He arrived at Ghenth in a day or two, where they were rejoiced to meet each other. It took them three days to reach Thebes, when they moored their bark, and recommenced their operations with what people they could obtain. The work at Gournou was continued, and occupied as much of Belzoni's attention as that at Carnac.

EMILY.—Gournou is not marked, mamma.

OWEN.—Oh, Emily! do you not recollect where it is? just on the other side of the Nile, nearly opposite Carnac. . . The mummy cave is there, you know; the cave into which Belzoni went with those selfish, deceitful Arabs.

LAURA.—Gournou is a tract of rocks, about two miles in length, at the foot of the Libyan mountains, on the west of Thebes: every part of these rocks is cut out by art, in the form of large and small chambers, each of which has its separate entrance; and though they are very close to each other, it is seldom that there is any interior communication from one to another.

EMILY.—I remember perfectly well now, Owen, that mamma told us they are celebrated for the quantity of mummies they contain.

Mrs. A.—It is impossible to give you any idea of those subterraneous abodes and their inhabitants.

BERNARD.—Will you be my dictionary, Laura, and tell me what mamma means by *subterraneous*?

LAURA.—When you learned, in your geographical lesson the other day, that the copper mines in Sweden are very numerous, and formed *subterraneous* habitations for different families,

I recollect telling you that *sub* is Latin for *under*, *terra* for *earth*.

BERNARD.—*Sub, terra*—under, earth—underground: I will try not to forget another time.

MRS. A.—There are no sepulchres in any part of the world like those of Gournou, nor any excavations or mines that can be compared to those astonishing places. No exact description of their interior can be given, owing to the difficulty of visiting them.

OWEN.—Surely Belzoni will not venture into one again, mamma! I shall tremble for him, especially if he trust himself under the care of a treacherous Arab.

MRS. A.—It is true that the people of Gournou are superior to any other Arabs in cunning and deceit; but when Belzoni had resided some little time at Thebes, and was known to them, they found it in vain to attempt to delude him any more.

OWEN.—I do not wonder at that, mamma: for I do not believe that a very clever person *could* be easily deceived.

MRS. A.—Why not?

OWEN.—Because, mother, I think we more frequently see superstitious or cowardly persons imposed on, than those who are not so: and thus

one end of acquiring knowledge is, that it prevents our being deceived by others, and enables us to avoid their cunning.

Mrs. A.—And can you find any other reasons for which the attainment of knowledge is desirable?

OWEN.—Indeed, mamma, there are so many, that I do not know with which to begin.

Mrs. A.—Knowledge is intrinsically valuable, my dear boy, as it elevates the mind, and qualifies us for higher degrees of felicity, both in the present and in a future life; and the acquisition of useful knowledge exercises and invigorates the powers of the understanding; its cultivation in youth promotes virtue: it is, therefore, the true foundation of all our happiness.

OWEN.—So it is, mamma. Will you now give us a description of the mummy caves in general?

Mrs. A.—A traveller is generally satisfied when he has seen the large hall, the gallery, the staircase, and as far as he can conveniently go. Besides, his attention is taken up by the paintings he observes on the walls; so that, when he comes to a narrow or difficult passage, or to have to descend to the bottom of a well or cavity, he declines taking such trouble, natu-

rally supposing that he cannot see in these abysses any thing so magnificent as what he sees above, and on that account deeming it useless to proceed any farther.

OWEN.—The air must be very close and disagreeable, mamma.

MRS. A.—Particularly so. Many persons could not withstand the suffocating effect it produces; and the enterprizing traveller is also annoyed with the immense quantity of fine dust, and the effluvia arising from the mummies; the entry or passage where the bodies are is roughly cut in the rocks.

OWEN.—And these rocks are of granite; the falling of the sand from the upper part causes the passage to be nearly filled up, I suppose?

MRS. A.—Yes: in some parts there is not more than the vacancy of a foot or two left, which you must contrive to pass through in a creeping posture, regardless of the keen and pointed stones with which the path is strewed. After getting through these passages, some of them two or three hundred yards long, a more commodious place is generally found, perhaps high enough to seat yourselves. But what a place of rest! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies in all directions, which, previous to

being accustomed to the sight, would impress upon the mind disgust and horror. The blackness of the walls, the faint light given by the candles or torches for want of air, the different objects that surround the venturous traveller, seeming to converse with each other, and the Arabs with torches in their hands, naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, form a scene that cannot be described.

BERNARD.—But did any one ever venture so far, *maidina*?

Mrs. A.—Yes: in such a situation our enterprising Belzoni, whom no difficulties could deter, frequently found himself. At first he generally returned exhausted and fainting, but at length became so inured to the exertion, that he could freely venture into these caves, indifferent to what he suffered. Sometimes, he tells us, after the trouble of entering into such a place, through a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or six hundred yards, he would seek a resting place and contrive to sit, but when his weight bore on the body of some decayed Egyptian, it crushed in immediately. He would then naturally have recourse to his hands to sustain his weight, but they could find no better support, so that he would sink altogether

among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as sometimes left him motionless a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again.

BERNARD.—Oh, mamma, how shocking! It will be a long time before I shall enter into a cave at Gournou. But will you tell me why the candles should burn faintly for want of air?

Mrs. A.—It was a peculiar air, my dear, and almost unfit for animal life. Belzoni could not have borne it long at a time; and this same kind of air, which often proves fatal to the life of animals, will also extinguish the flame of a torch or candle. When you are acquainted with the principles of chemistry, I shall be better able to explain the cause of this singular effect.

∴ The people of Gournou live in the entrance of such caves as have already been opened; and by making partitions with earthen walls, they form habitations for themselves, as well as for their cows, camels, buffaloes, sheep, goats, and dogs.

BERNARD.—Live in those horrid caves, mamma! How miserable that must be!

Mrs. A.—I cannot account for this choice,

as they have plenty of stone from the surrounding tombs, unless it be from their indolence, to save the trouble of building houses, and in hopes of receiving money from travellers.

EMILY.—For what purpose did Belzoni enter those caves ?

Mrs. A.—His principal object was to rob the Egyptians of their papyri, of which he found a few hidden in the numerous folds of cloth that enveloped them.

OWEN.—But what do you mean by *papyri*, mother ?

Mrs. A.—You have heard of the papyries or paper rush, my love, which grew on the banks of the Nile, and of which the ancients made clothes, sails, domestic utensils and writing paper.

BERNARD.—I have heard of it, mamma ; and I understand the process by which they made their paper, perfectly well. They pressed the leaves that surrounded the stem, flattening and smoothing them ; I suppose the leaves of the paper rush clung round each other, as those of the great American aloe do in the conservatory. But what has all this to do with Belzoni's papyri ?

Mrs. A.—A great deal, my little friend ; be-

cause by those papyri are meant the scrolls or records, that were usually placed with the mummies, containing historical facts, which would prove very useful to the antiquary were he able to decipher them. Such people as could afford it would have a sycamore case to be buried in, on which the history of their lives was painted; and those who could not afford a case, were contented to have their lives written on papyri, rolled up, and placed above their knees. So you are now acquainted with the motive which induced Belzoni to enter the dismal caves at Gouraon.

EMILY.—Were the ancient Egyptians acquainted with linen manufactures, mamma? You mention the foldings of their cloth.

MRS. A.—Yes, evidently, and in a perfection nearly equal to our own. Belzoni observed some of the cloth of which their garments were made, quite as fine as our muslin, of an even texture, and spun so curiously that the threads were scarcely visible.

OWEN.—Then their knowledge was not confined to architecture and sculpture?

MRS. A.—By no means, my dear. Belzoni was fortunate enough to find many specimens of their manufactures, among which was gold

leaf beaten nearly as thin as ours. They had also the art of tanning leather, and of staining it of different colours : and thus they were able to make shoes of various shapes, and as good as those we wear. They fabricated a sort of glass, of which they made beads and other ornaments ; and they had also manufactories of pottery ware. Thus you see the Egyptians possessed diversity of talents ; things of minor importance were not forgotten, amidst objects both grand and sublime.

· **LAURA.**—I like them the better for that, mamma. What you have said about combining great things with matters of comparatively small consequence, reminds me of my favourite Elizabeth Smith ; who, although possessing talents which would have been distinguished in an University, thought it no degradation to make a currant tart !

Mrs. A.—Those are in reality the greatest minds, which, possessing profound and various learning, do not object to its being shaded by the exertion of every domestic virtue.

Besides enamelling, the art of gilding was in high perfection among the Egyptians, as Belzoni found several ornaments of that kind. They knew how to cast copper, as well as how to form

it into sheets; and had a metallic composition not unlike our lead, but rather softer.

OWEN.—Very much like the lead we see on paper, in the tea-chests from China, I suppose, mamma? Emily once had some of it, with the Chinese pictures, from which she wished to copy the figures for the screens.

Mrs. A.—Yes, it resembled that, only it was thicker. Carved works were very common and in great perfection, particularly in the proportion of the figures, which were made to preserve that sweet simplicity peculiar to themselves, and which is always pleasing to the beholder. The art of varnishing, and baking the varnish on clay, was carried on in so superior a style, that it would be difficult to surpass it in the present day.

LAURA.—As Emily is fond of drawing, mamma, I imagine she is anxious for you to touch upon that darling topic.

Mrs. A.—Alas, my Emily, painting was not in so much perfection among the Egyptians as the other arts. They knew not how to soften from shade to shade, until the last in “purest light was lost.” Neither could they spread the glowing tinge across a sable landscape; nor yet pencil a delicate flower unfolding its numerous

petals. Their painting was extremely simple, as they possessed no knowledge of shadowing to elevate their figures. Great credit, however, is due to them for their taste in disposing the colours, such as they had.

EMILY.—What were they, mamma?

MRS. A.—Only two sorts of blue, red, green, yellow, and black. With these they adorned their temples, tombs, or whatever they wished to have painted.

LAURA.—Next time we go to town, Emily, you shall visit the Egyptian Hall, where your curiosity will be amply gratified by observing the style of Egyptian painting.

OWEN.—And now, mamma, will you tell me about the style of architecture that was generally employed?

MRS. A.—The Egyptians were a primitive nation: they had to form every thing, without a model before them to imitate: yet so fertile was their inventive faculty, that, instead of confining themselves to five orders of architecture, they had so many that new ones might be continually extracted from their ruins. We have reason to believe that our Ionic order originated in Egypt.

OWEN.—Oh, yes: and papa told me he had heard that the invention of the ornament called

the volute was derived from the circumstance of a girl leaving a basket, covered with a tile, on a bed of celery: the plant on growing up, and being interrupted by the tile, having bent backwards and assumed the spiral form. I should like to know if this anecdote be true. Any thing is more interesting when we can depend upon its correctness.

Well, mamma, will you tell us in what other arts the Egyptians excelled?

Mrs. A.—Their wonderful sculptures are admired for the boldness of their execution. Geometry is universally believed to have been first found out by them; and astronomy is also regarded as their invention.

Indeed, that they were early celebrated for their wisdom and literature is sufficiently obvious, both from sacred and profane history: the former assuring us that Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and that the wisdom of Solomon excelled all the wisdom of Egypt; and the latter allowing this nation to have been the parent of all philosophical knowledge.

BERNARD.—Where did Belzoni reside, mamma, during the time that the works at Gournou and Carnac were carried on?

Mrs. A.—Generally at Luxor ; but when he had been busier than usual, he took up his lodging at the entrance of some of the tombs ; and, far from being miserable, Bernard, he was amused with the novelty of his habitation. The dwellings are usually in the passages, between the first and second entrance to a tomb ; the walls and the roof are as black as any chimney ; the inner door is closed up with mud, except a small aperture sufficient for a man to creep through. Within this place sheep are kept at night. Over the door-way there are always some half-broken Egyptian figures, and the two foxes—

Bernard.—Stop, mamma, if you please :—two foxes ! What had foxes to do there ?

Mrs. A.—The Egyptians attached great importance to animals, and foxes were considered as guardians to their burial-places. You know I have frequently told you, that these people worshipped animals of different kinds ; and in their tombs Belzoni frequently found the mummies of bulls, cows, monkeys, cats, fishes, birds, and crocodiles. To the latter they attached great importance, regarding them with high veneration.

Bernard.—I am glad we did not live at that

Belzoni's Travels.

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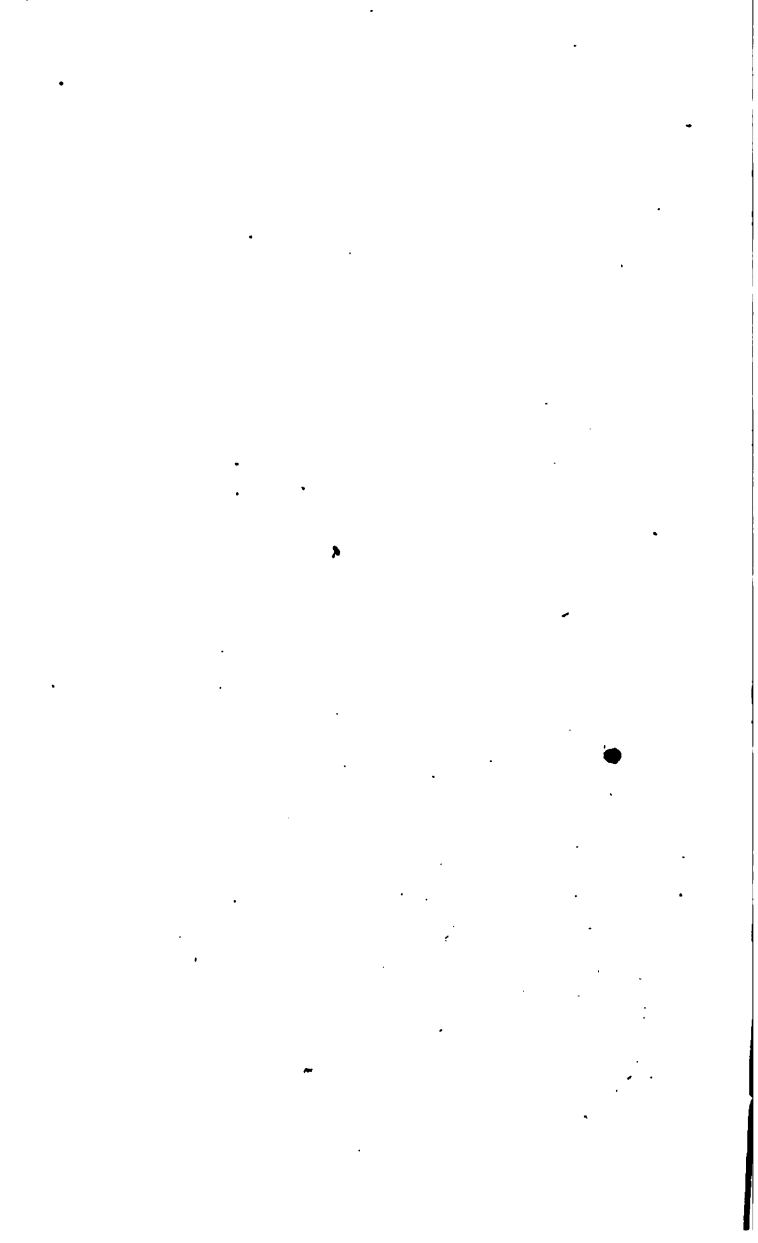


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time, mamma, or perhaps we might have worshipped cats, and dogs, and crocodiles too.

Mrs. A.—Most probably : I dare say we should have been no wiser than our neighbours ; and I think we ought to be very thankful that we live in better times.

BERNARD.—That puts me in mind of a verse or two, in my “ Hymns for Infant Minds :”

“ I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smil'd,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A happy English child.

I was not born, as thousands are,
Where God was never known,
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone.”

But, mamma, you were giving us the description of a grotto at Gournou. Will you go on ?

Mrs. A.—A small lamp is spread in a niche in the wall, and a mat is placed on the ground ; and this formed the grand divan, wherever Belzoni was. The people used to assemble around him, and the conversation turned wholly on antiquities. Such a one had found such a thin g and another had discovered a tomb. Various articles were brought for him to purchase, and

he had sometimes reason to rejoice at having stayed there.

OWEN.—Then they had discovered that he was an antiquary. For my part, sooner than trust myself with the people of Gournou, in one of their black dismal caves, I would live in one of the bamboo huts of Peru, or in one of the little Laplanders' dwellings, made of briars, and bark, and rein-deer skins: either would be much more agreeable, would it not, mamma?

MRS. A.—Possibly it might; but it would not have answered Belzoni's purpose to have been transported across the Atlantic, to the flowery fields of Peru, nor yet to Lapland's land of snow, for in both places antiquities are unknown.

Every human being can be happy if he like, for happiness certainly depends on ourselves.

OWEN.—Do you know, dear mamma, that it does not suit my views of happiness, to talk of it among people who live in caves like wild beasts, or rather who live in tombs, among the mummies and rags of an ancient nation, of which, I suppose, they know nothing.

MRS. A.—But this is trifling, compared with their slave-like state: subject to the caprice of a tyrannical power, who leaves them no chance of receiving any remuneration for their

labours, and no prospect of any change except for the worse. Nevertheless they are happy, my love, for custom reconciles all this. The labourer comes home in the evening, seats himself near his cave, smokes his pipe with his companions, talks of the last inundation of the Nile, its products, and what the ensuing season is likely to be; his wife brings him the usual bowl of lentils and bread, moistened with water and salt, and when she can add a little butter, it is considered a feast. Knowing nothing beyond this, he is happy.

The young man's business is to accumulate the amazing sum of a hundred piastres (two pounds and ten shillings) to buy himself a wife, and to make a feast on the wedding day.

EMILY.—To buy a wife! That is the drollest thing I ever heard of! Cheap articles too, mamma! Two pound ten shillings!—I am sure I would not be bought.

MRS. A.—You are not sure of any such thing, my dear. Were you a young lady of Gournou, you would most probably resemble the young ladies there. When a man wants to marry, he goes to the father of the intended bride, and agrees with him what he is to pay for her. This important affair being settled, so much money is

to be spent on the wedding feast. To set up house-keeping, nothing is requisite but two or three earthen pots, a stone to grind meal, and a mat, which is the bed. The lady has a gown and jewels of her own; and if the bridegroom presents her with a pair of bracelets, of silver, ivory, or glass, she is fortunate and happy indeed. Thus these poor people, having never known our luxuries and indulgences, sigh not for the want of them.

OWEN.—And their house is ready, mamma, without rent or taxes; this must be very convenient. I remember our man Edward said that he could not afford to be married till next spring, because the rent of the cottage he wished to have was so high.

MRS. A.—There is no difficulty of this sort at Gournou. If one house do not please them, they walk out and enter another, as there are several hundreds, or perhaps thousands at their command. At length they fix upon one. No rain can pass through the roof, and a door is not wanted, as there is nothing to lose. They make a kind of box, of clay and straw, which after two or three days' exposure to the sun becomes quite hard. It is fixed on a stand; an aperture is left to put all their precious things into it, and a piece of a mummy case forms the door.

Belzoni had by this time acquired antiquities enough to fill another boat, and having secured all the valuable collection in one spot, built a mud wall round it, and covered it with earth; they left an Arab Scheik to guard it, and set off for Assouan.

EMILY.—So they are going to that old town again, are they? It was there that Belzoni found the selfish Aga, and all his retinue, seated on a mat under a cluster of palm trees. They are bound to Ybsambul from thence, I suppose? I shall be glad when they get to the temple again, mamma.

Mrs. A.—They did not remain long at Assouan, but proceeded to Philoe. Have you forgotten this name?

EMILY.—Oh no, mamma. I remember, in your account of Belzoni's last voyage, you told us that he stood at the stern of the vessel, waiting for the first beams of the sun to unveil that beautiful island; and he found an obelisk there, and gave the Aga four dollars to pay a guard for it till his return. Is he going to remove that obelisk now, mamma?

Mrs. A.—No: not just at present, but at some future time; his chief object now is to hasten to Ybsambul.

During their stay at Philoe, two captains arrived, who were going up the Nile as far as the second Cataract; and as there was some difficulty in obtaining two boats, it was agreed that Belzoni should join them, and thus form one party.

BERNARD.—A very good plan, mamma, because they would pass Ybsambul on their way.

MRS. A.—Accordingly they embarked; the two captains, Mr. Beechey, three servants, and Belzoni himself.

BERNARD.—But Mrs Belzoni, mamma?—you have forgotten her.

MRS. A.—No, no, my good friend. I have just been thinking how much courage she possessed, for as there was only one boat, she was left in the island of Philoe till the return of the party.

OWEN.—Left by herself in the island of Philoe, mamma! Do pray tell us something about her: where did she live during their absence?

MRS. A.—She very much wished to accompany them, but as there was only one boat, she was obliged, to her own mortification, to remain behind, notwithstanding the great desire she had to witness the opening of the interesting temple at Ybsambul. However it was in vain to give way to useless regret. Mrs. Belzoni took up her

abode on the top of the temple of Osiris, in that island, where, with the help of some mud walls, she enclosed two comfortable rooms; and amused herself in observing the customs and characters of the inhabitants, and exchanging little articles with the Nubian women during Mr. Belzoni's absence.

BERNARD.—Well, she had patience, and courage, and resolution, indeed, mamma!

Now, will you please to tell us when they arrived at Ybsambul?

MRS. A.—In the course of a few days; they were disappointed in finding that the Cacheeffs were not there, but at Jomas, opposite Deir. They sent an express, to inform them that they were come with permission to open the temple, and in the mean time proceeded to the second Cataract. Previous to their arrival at Wady Halfa, they followed the side of the Nile, as far as they could go with their boat, and then landed and walked three or four miles to the rock Aspir; for the delightful views, which you remember Belzoni saw on his first excursion, tempted him to wish to behold them once more, and to observe the pleasure with which his companions would look upon them; but the islands did not appear so numerous, nor did the water

form those foaming eddies, which had before so finely interspersed the views with white and green. Notwithstanding, the whole was very grand, and Belzoni was much gratified in seeing it again.

Having returned to the boat, they passed the night on the same side of the river. The next morning they crossed the water, and entered into an inlet of the Nile, where they moored their bark, near the village of Wady Halfa, and returned in the evening to Ybsambul.

EMILY.—And did they find the Cacheffs there?

Mrs. A.—No: but after exercising their patience by waiting a whole week, they appeared, and took up their abode in some small huts made of rushes, on a sandy bank of the river. Here Belzoni and his friends waited upon them, and obtained permission to recommence the operation of opening the temple the following morning, with the assistance of thirty men.

BERNARD.—Now, mother, I am all impatiencæ to know how they get on. I hope the people will not want more money than poor Belzoni can supply them with, *this* time. What a troublesome thing selfishness is, mamma!

Mrs. A.—In the morning the men made their

appearance, and the work was recommenced with much enthusiasm and many sanguine hopes. You recollect the immense mass of sand that obstructed the entrance?

OWEN.—Perfectly well. Belzoni judged by calculations that it was not less than thirty-five feet in thickness—thicker than our house is high! How came the sand there, mamma?

MRS. A.—It was a mass, accumulated by the winds for many centuries; and perhaps the phenomena so common in Egypt had added to it.

OWEN.—I remember your mentioning the sultry winds that last two or three days, and raise such clouds of sandy particles as almost to suffocate those who venture out during the time. Do you refer to them, mamma?

MRS. A.—Something very similar, my dear. I mean the whirlwinds, which occur all the year round, but especially at the time of the poisonous wind. This wind generally blows from the south-west, and lasts several days; so very strong, that it raises the sands to a great height, forming a thick cloud in the air. The caravans cannot proceed in the Deserts; the boats cannot continue their voyages: the whole is like a chaos. Frequently a quantity of sand and small

stones gradually ascend to a great height, and form a column sixty or seventy feet in diameter, and so thick, that, were it steady on one spot, it would appear a solid mass. This not only revolves within its own circumference, but runs in a circular direction over a great space of ground, sometimes maintaining itself in motion for half an hour; and where it falls, it accumulates a hill of sand. It is in this way only that I can account for the prodigious quantity accumulated before the door of the temple.

OWEN.—It was Belzoni's principal object to reach that door, as the most speedy means of entering it, I suppose, mamma?

MRS. A.—Yes: he divided the men into two parties, and stationed one on each side of the colossus that stood over the entrance. They worked pretty well, but were so few that the little sand they removed could scarcely be perceived. Seeing that it would be a very tedious business if carried on this way, Belzoni made a proposal to the Cacheff to pay three hundred piastres for opening the temple, which was agreed to by both Cacheff and workmen.

OWEN.—Three hundred piastres, mamma! Is it possible! As much money as would have bought three wives at Gournou!

Mrs. A.—They continued their labour for three days with much ardour, supposing they could finish it in that time ; but on the evening of the third day there was as little prospect of seeing the door as on the first. They became tired at last, and, under some pretence, left the temple, the sand, and the treasure, contenting themselves with keeping the three hundred piastres, which had unfortunately been paid to them beforehand.

EMILY.—How shabby ! how extremely shabby, mamma ! Then how did Belzoni and his friends manage ?

Mrs. A.—They took the resolution to work at the sand themselves. They were only seven ; but the crew offered their services, and thus they became fourteen in all.

OWEN.—But fourteen in the place of eighty ! Indeed, mamma, it appears to me that they are attempting impossibilities !

Mrs. A.—Finding that one of them did as much work as one to five of their selfish workmen, they were well satisfied, and determined to continue. They rose every morning at the dawn of day, and left off two hours and a half after sunrise. After continuing their operation regularly for some days, they perceived a rough pro-

jection from the wall, which apparently indicated that the work was unfinished, and no door to be found there.

BERNARD.—That was very disappointing!—
But I hope they did not give it up?

Mrs. A.—The hopes of some of the party began to fail. Nevertheless, as you did this morning, Bernard, they persevered in their exertions, and completed their work: for, three days afterwards, they discovered a broken cornice, the following day the torus, and of course the frieze under, which made them almost sure of finding the door the next day. Accordingly Belzoni erected a palisade to keep the sand up, and, to his great satisfaction, saw the upper part of the door as the evening approached. They dug away enough sand to be able to enter that night; but, supposing the air in the cavity might be unpleasant, they deferred this till the following day.

Early in the morning of the first of August they went to the temple, in high spirits at the idea of entering a newly-discovered place. They endeavoured to enlarge the entrance as much as they could, and, soon making the passage wider, they entered the finest and most extensive excavation in Nubia; one that can stand a compe-

tion with any in Egypt, except the tomb more recently discovered in Beban el Malook.

From what they could perceive at the first view, it was evidently a very large place; but their astonishment increased when they found it to be one of the most magnificent of temples, enriched with statues, paintings, and figures! They entered at first into a very long portico, supported by two rows of enormous square pillars. Both these and the walls were covered with beautiful hieroglyphics, which exhibited battles, storming of castles, triumphs over Ethiopians, and various sacrifices.

BERNARD.—May I ask you a question, dear mamma? Will you be so good as to tell me what you mean by *hieroglyphics*?

Mrs. A.—Most willingly, my love: it is always a pleasure to me to gratify my little boy. The Egyptians, before the invention of letters, from their observations on the various properties of animals and plants, and from their knowledge of the uses of different instruments also, had, with their accustomed ingenuity, derived a variety of devices or emblems; and by these, disposed in certain attitudes, they could make historical records, which would be very intelligible to those who were acquainted with their

system; and such devices or emblems were called *hieroglyphics*.

BERNARD.—Then by these means, mamma, I suppose Belzoni became acquainted with the whole history of the country?

MRS. A.—You forget that even our clever Belzoni, with all his knowledge, was almost as much unacquainted as we are with the hieroglyphical system. It is many hundred years since it was in general use: for when those simple and easy characters, the letters, were found out, emblematical signs were laid aside.

OWEN.—Were the letters invented by the Egyptians, mother?

MRS. A.—Yes: they are believed to be the invention of some wise man in the reign of Cadmus, king of Thebes.

BERNARD.—Why do you say, *they are believed to be*, mamma? Cannot you be quite sure?

MRS. A.—I do not wish to be quite sure, my love. As I was not living in the reign of Cadmus, I cannot pretend to prove the truth of the assertion, though I see little reason to doubt it. Egypt is called the *mother of science*, you know.

OWEN.—What an ingenious invention it was, whoever the wise *Mr. Somebody* might be! For, by combining the letters, every sound can be

represented: but when hieroglyphics were in use, of course there were as many characters as ideas.

Will you tell us what signs the ancients had to represent some objects; and then, I believe, Bernard will more easily comprehend what we are talking about?

Mrs. A.—The characters now used for the signs of the zodiac and the planets are specimens of this kind of character; and so is a circle, or snake with its tail in its mouth, when used to signify eternity. Flames, which are ever moving, represent light and life; the lion or bull indicates strength; the hawk, swiftness; and so on. I will tell you more about them another time.

Let us now accompany Belzoni through his newly-discovered temple.

The second hall into which they entered was very extensive, containing four large pillars. Beyond this was a shorter chamber, in which was the entrance into the sanctuary: the sanctuary contained a pedestal in the centre, and at the end were four colossal figures. On the right side of the great hall, entering into the temple, were two doors, at a short distance from each other, which led into two long separate rooms, and other rooms and galleries opened out of

them: so you may imagine what a fund of amusement and astonishment Belzoni met with at last.

LAURA.—The outside of the temple was as magnificent as the interior. Only fancy it three times the height of our house—the immense colossi—the figure of Osiris twenty feet high, on the top of the door—the cornice enriched with hieroglyphics, and the frieze beneath; and then think, that this stupendous place was nearly two-thirds buried under the sand, and you cannot fail to admire the labour and perseverance which must have been exerted to obtain an entrance.

MRS. A.—Belzoni now experienced the truth of my motto: “*LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.*” He was well compensated for all his toil and anxiety; he no longer regarded the selfishness of the workmen; he no longer regretted the want of mechanical powers; he had attained his wish; he had entered the famous temple of Ybsambul excavated in the solid rock; and in the course of a few weeks he returned, completely satisfied, to the little island of Philoe, where Mrs. Belzoni joined the party, and accompanied them to Thebes.

EMILY.—And whilst there they intend to visit the valley of Beban el Malook, and afterwards to explore the pyramids near Cairo.

Will you tell us something more, mamma? I believe that the celebrated tomb, of which we hear so much, at the Egyptian Hall, in London, is the representation of one that Belzoni discovered in the valley of Beban el Malook. Will you tell us how he came to discover it?

Mrs. A.—Not at present, my dear Emily. I must leave you now, but you may go and amuse yourselves on the lawn, and tie up the little almond tree, my love, that is almost blown down.



CHAP. III.

EMILY.—Mamma, I have been looking at a picture in the study of some ice mountains in the frigid zone, and papa has been talking to me about the little Greenlanders. He tells me, that notwithstanding their country is so cold and so desolate, they are extremely fond of it, and would not upon any account exchange their barren rocks and mountains of snow, for the spicy groves and flowery fields of warmer climates; and, what amused me more than all, mamma, papa says that two of its inhabitants were brought to Copenhagen, the capital of

Denmark, you know, a few years since, and they pined for want until they met with some train oil, (what could be more disagreeable!) which they drank with the same relish as we drink chocolate or wine; and they danced about for joy when they found they were to be sent back to Greenland.

Why do you think they like that cold country so much, mamma?—The very picture of it makes me shiver.

Mrs. A.—Habit, my dear little girl, renders every situation in life easy, and it is natural to become attached to our native country. Custom has taught the Greenlanders to struggle with the severity of the most piercing winter, and suffer the hardships of a poor and scanty subsistence. They scarcely know, even in idea, what enjoyment we derive from our woods, and groves, and fields, whilst gentle zephyrs breathe around, and the little birds seem to vie with each other in their evening notes of gratitude and praise. They are unacquainted with the delight we experience in watching the earliest buds of spring, and in admiring the rich hues of summer flowers, or the ever-varying tints of autumn. They cannot regret the loss of pleasures unknown to them. Their year consists only of one

night and one day : the sun never rising during winter, nor setting while their short summer lasts.

EMILY.—Oh, mamma, how dreary ! how dismal ! I cannot imagine that *I* should love Greenland even if I *had* been born there. Now will you tell me something more about those dark, bleak, and desolate regions ?

MRS. A.—As I have just said :

“ There on an icy mountain’s height,
 Seen only by the moon’s pale light,
 Stern Winter rears his giant form,
 His robe a mist, his voice a storm ;
 His frown the shiv’ring nations fly,
 And hid for half the year in smoky caverns lie.”

EMILY.—Smoky caverns ! Go on, dear mamma. I like to hear about their smoky caverns !

MRS. A.—These places are half under ground, roofed over with beams and rafters ; the walls are composed of sods and turfs, and the interstices between are filled up with bushes, turf, and fine earth, and above all is a covering of skins, which nicely defends the inhabitants from the weather. The interior of the temple is not much more respectable than the outward parts of it. There is neither door nor chimney. Instead of the spacious hall of a gentleman’s house in England, the entrance is through a long dark passage,

with so low a ceiling, that those who go into it are obliged to creep on their hands and knees. In the place of paper hangings, and elegant silk damask curtains, the walls are covered with the dried skins of bears, foxes, and other wild animals, to keep out the damp. For want of glass, the openings to let in the light are defended from cold by the membranous substances of seals or fish. A raised bench lined with skins, serves the purpose either of a bed or a sofa, as they please, extending the whole length of the house, and divided into little apartments by large skins, stretched from the wall to the posts that support the roof.

EMILY.—Just like the stalls in a stable, mamma! And each partition is, I suppose, inhabited by a different family, who can carry on their own business without minding their neighbours?

Mrs. A.—It is so. What think you of the dwellings of the little Greenlanders?

EMILY.—Indeed, mamma, I own that I think myself very well off not to be one of them; and yet, do you know, I should prefer one of their smoky caverns to the dismal mummy caves at Gournou. Papa says, that although the countenances of the Greenlanders are displeasing, and

their manners savage, they are not treacherous, like the Arabs who attended Belzoni when he entered that melancholy mummy cave. We left our traveller at Thebes, mamma, and he was about to visit the tombs of the kings; cannot you tell us something more about him? "Oh! do, dearest mother, do!" cried Bernard, as the sound of Belzoni's name reached his ear; and, notwithstanding Bernard was busily employed in putting together his dissected map, he was eager to leave this favourite employment to hear about the tombs of the kings; and he began to arrange the pieces in order in his box.

"There, there goes Russia; the large Russian empire, mamma; and there is Switzerland, with its lofty mountains, upon which the chamois goats bound from crag to crag; the Swiss are as fond of their country as the Greenlanders are of theirs, I know, by the song that Laura sings; the *Ranz des Vaches*, mamma; and there is Italy with its orange groves; and there, Emily, goes your dear Lapland."

EMILY.—Laura says, that

"E'en in *Lapland's* land of snow
Lilies spring and roses blow."

Laura was lately reading Linnæus's tour through Sweden and Lapland, mamma, and she says

that he mentions many flowers which we consider delicate, as flourishing there, and that the water crowfoot—

BERNARD.—Stop, dear Emily, the pieces are placed in the box in order due, so pray leave your flowers and your *crowfoots*, and all the rest of it, and come and sit by mamma and hear her talk to us about Belzoni. I guess we shall have some wonderful accounts; you know he is going to Beban el Malook, and I am sure that, for my part, I would much rather hear about the tombs of the kings in the valley of Beban el Malook, than all that you can tell about Linnæus and his flowers.

EMILY.—Ah, Bernard! you are no more of a botanist than Mahomed Ali, who amused himself with shooting across the Nile, at an earthen pot, even when he was surrounded by Flora's beauties. But I am as fond of Belzoni as you are, so please to go on, dear mamma.

MRS. A.—When our travellers arrived at Luxor, which town is not far from Thebes, you recollect they took up their former abode in the sekos of the temple, and found themselves at home again, for both these places were now become familiar to them. The two captains set off for Cairo, and Mr. Beechey began to take

drawings of the different views, whilst Belzoni recommenced his researches at Gournou. He there found two more agents of Mr. Drouetti, busied in digging the ground in all directions, and who had been tolerably successful in their pursuit after mummies.

OWEN.—How unfortunate, mamma! I wish that troublesome Mr. Drouetti would keep his agents in Alexandria, and not let them come to disturb Belzoni's plans. Were these two fresh agents as disagreeable as the two Copts who interrupted him before, and caused him to travel upon a donkey by day and night, from Minieh to Thebes?

MRS. A.—These men were not Copts, but Piedmontese.

EMILY.—Natives of Piedmont, mamma: one of the most populous and delightful parts of Italy.

MRS. A.—Although they did interfere with Belzoni's plans at Gournou, they did him no injury in the end: for when he found that it was in vain to proceed with his work there, he made the valley of Beban el Malook the scene of his researches, being confirmed in the opinion that there was a sufficient prospect to encourage him to commence his operation.

BERNARD.—And that was in hopes of discovering the tombs of the kings. But before you go on, mamma, will you tell me something about them, and whether this valley was near Gournou? For if it were, you know, Mr. Drouetti's agents might have found out what Belzoni was about, and have left their own work, pretending that they wished to assist him.

MRS. A.—Belzoni was proof against all pretences of that sort. The valley of Beban el Malook is the place where the kings of Egypt were buried, and he thought that he might possibly discover some of their relics. It is completely separated from Gournou by a chain of high mountains, that also divides Thebes from the valley. The same rocks, indeed, surround the sacred ground, which can be visited only by a single natural entrance, that is formed like a gateway, or by the craggy paths across the mountains. The tombs are all cut out of the solid rock, which is of hard calcareous stone, as white as it is possible for stone to be. They consist in general of a long passage, which leads to a staircase, sometimes with a gallery at each side of it, and other chambers. Advancing farther, wider apartments present themselves, and other passages and stairs, until at length the

traveller finds himself in a large hall, where the great sarcophagus containing the remains of the kings is laid.

BERNARD.—What do you mean by calcareous stone?

EMILY.—I have read in the “India Cabinet,” Bernard, that *calcareous* is derived from the word *calx*, which is lime in Latin; so calcareous stone signifies a sort of limestone, I suppose.

OWEN.—What sort of workmen did Mr. Belzoni procure, mamma? I hope he will not offer three hundred piastres this time. I dare say experience has taught him not to pay them beforehand, at all events?

MRS. A.—You shall hear. He was furnished with twenty men, and began in good spirits to search for the tombs of the monarchs of Thebes.

EMILY.—Had he any guide to direct him to the spots where they were?

MRS. A.—His only guide was the knowledge he had acquired in his many researches among the tombs of Gournou. He is a gentleman of great observation, you know, and he found that the Egyptians had a particular manner of forming the entrances into their tombs, which gave him many leading ideas to the discovery of them. Three days after the excavations had

commenced, the first tomb was discovered; the entrance indicated it to be a very large one, but it proved to be only the passage of one that was never finished. However, this partial success gave him encouragement, as it assured him that his idea respecting their situation was correct. In the evening of the same day another tomb was discovered, but nothing particularly remarkable was observed in it. The next morning an entrance was made into another, containing many chambers and passages. But it was not till some days after this that Belzoni pointed out the fortunate spot which repaid him for all his trouble, and compensated for all the mortification he had received from the operations of the Piedmontese. He says that this day gave him more pleasure and more gratification than wealth could purchase, arising from the discovery of what had long been sought in vain, and of presenting the world with a new and perfect monument of Egyptian antiquity; which can be recorded as superior to any other in point of grandeur, style, and preservation, appearing as if just finished on the day they entered it; indeed, what was found in it will show its superiority to the others.

EMILY.—Now we shall hear the description

of the tomb, the model of which Laura saw in London, and which I hope to see very soon.

Mrs. A.—Not fifteen yards from the last tomb, Belzoni caused the earth to be opened, at the foot of a steep hill, and under a torrent, which, when it rains in the desert, pours a great quantity of water over the very spot he had caused to be dug.

LAURA.—But, mamma, how could any one imagine that the ancient Egyptians would make the entrance into such an immense and superb excavation just under a torrent of water?

Mrs. A.—Belzoni had strong reasons for supposing it from indications he had observed. The Fellahs, who were accustomed to dig, were all of opinion that there was nothing in that spot, as the situation of this tomb differed from that of any other. He continued the work, however, and the next day he perceived the part of the rock that was cut and formed the entrance. Early on the following morning the task was resumed, and about noon the workmen reached the entrance, which was eighteen feet below the surface of the ground.

BERNARD.—Twice as high as our parlour. Go on, mamma.

Mrs. A.—The appearance indicated that the

tomb was of the first rate, but Belzoni did not expect to find so magnificent a one as it really proved to be

EMILY.—I hope that the workmen possess resolution, and a large portion of their employer's perseverance.

Mrs. A.—They advanced till they saw it was probably a large tomb, when they protested they could go no farther, because it was so much choked up with large stones, which they could not get out of the passage. Belzoni descended and examined the place, pointing out to them where they might dig, and in the course of an hour there was room enough for him to enter, through a passage that the earth had left under the ceiling of the first corridor; at the end of this corridor he came to a long staircase, at the foot of which a door opened into a still longer passage, each side of which was sculptured with hieroglyphics in basso relievo.

The more Belzoni saw, the more he wished to see.

OWEN.—That was very natural, mamma; when our curiosity is excited, it is quite right to gratify it, especially if it be laudable, as you say.

Mrs. A.—His anxiety was, however, checked for a time, for at the end of this long corridor

he reached a large pit, which intercepted his progress. This pit was as deep as our house is high.

BERNARD.—He had better take care what he is about! There is some danger of his falling into this pit, as the interpreter did in that at Gournou, and then he may cry *je suis perdu* in vain.

Mrs. A.—On the opposite side of the pit, facing the entrance, Belzoni perceived a small aperture, only two feet wide and two feet high, and at the bottom of the wall a quantity of rubbish. A rope fastened to a piece of wood that was laid across the passage against the projections which formed a kind of door, appeared to have been used by the ancients for descending into the pit; and from the small aperture on the opposite side hung another, which reached the bottom, no doubt for the purpose of ascending. They could clearly perceive that the water that entered these passages from the torrents of rain, ran into this pit, and the wood and rope fastened to it crumbled to dust on touching them. At the bottom of the pit were several pieces of wood, placed against the side of it, so as to assist the person who was to ascend by the rope into the aperture.

OWEN.—Surely, mamma, Belzoni will have more prudence than to hazard his life in attempting to cross this tremendous place. If you had not told me that he is still living, I should imagine that he was lost in it. That rotten cord, although it did for the ancient Egyptians, so many years ago, could not now support his weight!

Mrs. A.—He saw the impossibility of advancing at the moment, and Mr. Beechey, who was with him, was also disappointed of advancing any farther. However the next day, by means of a long beam, they succeeded in sending a man up into the aperture, and having contrived to make a little bridge of two beams, they crossed the pit.

BERNARD.—How wide was it, mamma?

Mrs. A.—It was fourteen feet wide, twelve feet long, and thirty feet deep.

BERNARD.—Oh, mamma, as deep as this house is high! I am sure that *I* would not have ventured upon that little narrow bridge!

OWEN.—But I am sure that *I* would, Bernard! How much pleasure Belzoni would have lost if he had not been so courageous! To what place did that small aperture lead, mamma? I wonder why the Egyptians took so much pains:

always to have crossed that terrible pit must have been very troublesome.

Mrs. A.—They found this little aperture to be merely an opening forced through a wall, that had entirely closed the entrance, which was as large as the corridor. The Egyptians had closely shut it up, plastered the wall over, and painted it like the rest of the sides of the pit, so that but for the aperture, it would have been impossible to suppose that there was any farther proceeding; and any one would have concluded that the tomb ended with the pit.

Owen.—So Belzoni and his friend entered this narrow aperture. Where did it lead then, mamma?

Mrs. A.—When they had passed through it they found themselves in a large and beautiful hall, in which were four square pillars. At the end of this entrance hall was a large door, from which three steps led down into a chamber with two pillars. Belzoni gave this room the name of the drawing room, to distinguish it from the others; it was covered with figures, which though only outlined, were so fine and perfect, that one might think they had been drawn only the day before. Returning into the entrance hall, they found a large staircase descending

into a corridor, which they entered. They perceived that the paintings became more perfect as they advanced farther into the interior; the varnish that was laid over the colours had a fine effect, and it was astonishing that they were in such good preservation. This corridor led them to a smaller chamber, which they called the room of beauties.

BERNARD.—The room of beauties! Why did they name it so, mamma?

MRS. A.—I suppose because it was adorned with such beautiful figures in basso relievo and painted; when standing in the centre of this chamber, the traveller is surrounded by an assembly of Egyptian gods and goddesses. Proceeding onwards they entered a large hall, in which were two rows of square pillars.

BERNARD.—Then that I suppose was the hall of pillars, mamma?

MRS. A.—So Belzoni named it. A step at the end of this hall of pillars led into a large saloon, with an arched roof or ceiling, and there were entrances from this saloon into many other large rooms and chambers, but what Belzoni found in the centre of the saloon delighted him more than any thing else, and sufficiently compensated for the danger he had undergone in crossing

the little bridge over the great pit, and creeping through the narrow aperture.

It was a sarcophagus of the finest oriental alabaster, nine feet long and three feet wide, transparent, and minutely sculptured within and without with several hundred figures, representing, I suppose, the whole of the funeral processions and ceremonies relating to the deceased king, united with emblems and other devices. To give you an accurate account of all Mr. Belzoni saw in this tomb, would take us too long; you must visit the *fac simile*, as Laura calls it, in London, and then your curiosity will be gratified by seeing representations of the drawings, paintings, hieroglyphics, emblems, and ornaments which it contained.

OWEN.—But were these devices of no use at all, mamma? Could not Belzoni decipher them sufficiently to know what monarch was laid there?

MRS. A.—As I have told you before, my dear, the hieroglyphical system has for many years been thrown aside, therefore it is almost impossible fully to ascertain any facts conveyed by it. A gentleman of distinguished eminence in literature has, however, lately employed much of his time in endeavouring to find the right key

for reading this almost unknown language. If he succeed in his arduous and difficult undertaking, he will be enabled to give to the world the history of one of the most primitive nations, of which we are now nearly ignorant. In the hall of pillars, which I mentioned just now, a company of Ethiopians were painted, and distinguished by their colour and ornaments. The gentleman of whom I am speaking found the name of Psammuthis inserted among the hieroglyphics. Psammuthis made war against the Ethiopians: it is therefore supposed to be his tomb. The Arabs made great report of Belzoni's discovery; it came at last to the ears of Hamed Aga of Kenneh, and he was told that great treasure was found in the tomb.

OWEN.—And that was sufficient to excite his curiosity, I dare say, but not enough to gratify it. I expect he set off with full speed to seek for this great treasure, and his disappointment will just repay him.

MRS. A.—Yes: when the important news reached him, he collected his soldiers together and departed immediately for Thebes, which is generally a journey of two days, but he travelled with such rapidity as to arrive in the valley of Beban el Malook in thirty-six hours.



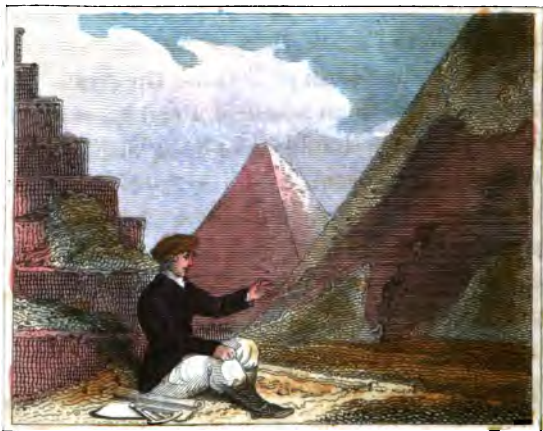
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EMILY.—Belzoni must have been very much amused when he saw him, mamma, knowing that he was come on such a foolish expedition ; and Hamed Aga himself must have been not a little mortified to find his trouble was fruitless : for I do not fancy the paintings and figures gave him much pleasure.

MRS. A.—Before his arrival, some Arabs conveyed the intelligence to Belzoni and his friend that they saw from the tops of the mountains a great many Turks on horseback, entering the valley and coming towards them.

OWEN.—This intelligence was not very gratifying, I suppose. I recollect you once told us that the Turks think themselves entitled to be masters of the country, because the Arabs were conquered by them ; and if I had been in Belzoni's place, I should have been displeas'd at such an interruption.

MRS. A.—Belzoni could not conceive who they could be, as he had never seen any Turks near the spot. Half an hour after they gave the signal of their approach by firing several guns.

OWEN.—And now he was alarmed, I should think. Not alarmed, either : he had too much courage to be easily frightened. But if I had

been in his place, I should have fancied that it was an armed force sent to storm the tombs and rocks, and to blow up the hall of pillars and the room of beauties!

MRS. A.—Belzoni dreaded this, at first; but he soon found that it was the well known Hamed Aga of Kenneh, for some time commander of the eastern side of Thebes, and his followers.

OWEN.—But what business had he to go to the valley of Beban el Malook? It is on the west, you know, and consequently under another ruler.

BERNARD.—Oh, I suppose that in case of a treasure being discovered, the first that hears of it takes it for granted that *he* is entitled to it!

MRS. A.—Yes: as a matter of privilege. When Hamed Aga was introduced to Belzoni, he smiled and saluted him very cordially; perhaps a little self interest induced him to do so. They caused several lights to be brought, and descended together into the tomb. The symbolical representations on the walls of this extraordinary place did not attract his attention in the least; all the striking figures and lively paintings were lost upon him; his views were directed to the *treasure* alone, and his attendants, equally regardless of real beauties, sought in

every hole and corner in hopes of finding the wished-for prize. Nothing, however, appearing, to satisfy their master or themselves, after a long and minute survey, the Aga ordered the soldiers to retire, and whispered to Belzoni in a cautious manner, "Pray where have you put the treasure?" "What treasure?" said Belzoni. "The treasure you found in this place," replied Hamed. Our friend smiled, as well he might do, at the question, and assured him that he had found no treasure there; but this only confirmed the troublesome Aga in his supposition. He laughed, and still continued to intreat that it might be shown him, adding, "I have been told by a person to whom I can give credit, that you have found in this place a large golden cock filled with diamonds and pearls. I must see it. Where is it?"

BERNARD.—A large golden cock filled with diamonds and pearls! how ridiculous!

Mrs. A.—Belzoni could scarcely refrain from laughing, whilst he assured him that nothing of the kind had been found there. Seeming quite disappointed, Hamed seated himself before the beautiful sarcophagus, to Belzoni's great dismay, who dreaded that he would take it into his head that this was the treasure, and break it to pieces,

to see whether it contained any gold; and, as their notions of treasure are confined to gold and jewels, I own there seemed some danger of it. At last, however, he gave up the idea of the expected riches, and rose to go out of the tomb. Belzoni asked him what he thought of the beautiful figures painted all around. He just gave an indifferent glance at them, saying, "this would be a good place for a harem, as the women would have something to look at." And though only half persuaded that there was no treasure, he set off with an appearance of disappointment and vexation.

EMILY.—I do not like that Hamed Aga, of Kenneh, at all! He had no taste, had he, mamma?

Mrs. A.—What do you call taste?

EMILY.—Laura says, that it is the power which the mind possesses of admiring and relishing the beauties found in nature and art: therefore I imagine Hamed Aga had none; and he makes me think of a passage I was reading yesterday, mamma, about a Frenchman, who, when he saw the sea for the first time, said that it was *assez jolie*.

Mrs. A.—Some of Akenside's beautiful lines occur to me:

“ Say what is Taste, but the internal powers
Active and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse ?—a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deformed.”

Though our Aga did not possess this “internal power” in any eminent degree, we must not judge that it is confined to the polished part of mankind only ; on the contrary, it is as common to a rude state of society as to an early period of life. Even the *wild* tribes, who inhabit the back settlements of America, contemplate their extensive lakes, the Ohio and the Ontario, with astonishment, and gaze upon the starry heavens with delight. Although born in so rude a state, they are “feelingly alive to each fine impulse.”

EMILY.—I wish that stupid Hamed Aga was too, mamma, or that he possessed half the taste of one of the North American savages !

Mrs. A.—Belzoni having embarked all that was found this season, left Thebes with another accumulation of antiquities, and arrived at Boolac after ten months' absence.

He there engaged Signor Ricci, a young man from Italy, to return with him to Thebes, and to make drawings and imitations of the hieroglyphics. Mrs. Belzoni resolved to visit the Holy

Land in the mean-time, and to wait for Belzoni at Jerusalem, whither he intended going when the model of the tomb was completed.

EMILY.—But why did not Mrs. Belzoni go with him?

Mrs. A.—Because she did not admire the inhabitants of Luxor and Thebes; and the idea of visiting the Holy Land had first induced her to accompany Mr. Belzoni into Egypt; therefore thinking this a good opportunity, she left Cairo attended by the Irish boy and a Janizary.

Belzoni however, before he returned to Thebes, determined to visit the Pyramids in company with two other Europeans. Can you tell me how they are situated?

EMILY.—Oh yes, mamma. It is impossible for us to have forgotten that when Belzoni was first at Cairo he visited them, and that they are scattered about on the Libyan desert, to the west of that place. Before you go on, will you tell us by whom, and when these pyramids were built?

Mrs. A.—There is so little agreement upon the subject of the founders, my love, either among the natives or historians, that we, like Pliny, must consider this uncertainty as a just reward of the vanity of those by whom they were actually erected; and of course, as we cannot deter-

mine who were the builders of them, we should only misspend our time by attempting to fix the period of their erection. I believe that their *least antiquity* must be near three thousand years, as Herodotus, who you know was one of our first historians, and who lived above two thousand years ago, found so little satisfaction in his inquiries after them; and Diodorus, who also lived before the birth of our Saviour, supposes the great pyramid to have been built one thousand years before his time.

EMILY.—Will you tell me, dear mamma, why the uncertainty in which we are left respecting them, should be a just reward of the vanity of those by whom they were erected? I do not understand what you mean by saying so.

Mrs. A.—It is generally supposed that these pyramids were designed as tombs and monuments for the dead; and does it not appear to you, my dear Emily, that a little vanity must have actuated men to spend so much time and be at so much expense for such a purpose; intending, as it were, to convey to future ages proofs of their power, and mementos of their greatness?

EMILY.—Was this the only motive for which they were built, do you imagine, mamma?

Mrs. A.—By no means, my dear girl. I am

not so uncharitable as to suppose that. The Egyptian theology taught its votaries, that so long as the body was preserved from decay the soul continued with it, and hence we may account for the great pains and curious precautions of the Egyptians with regard to their deceased friends.

EMILY.—I am glad to hear this, mother, for I shall be no longer puzzled with wondering what so many tombs and monuments were for; and the motive for embalming the mummies is now very clear.

BERNARD.—I have been waiting patiently a long time, mamma, for you to tell me whether the pyramids were hollow, and what Belzoni did there?

MRS. A.—Some of them had an entrance, and others had not. Whilst Belzoni's friends went into the first pyramid, which is nearly the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, he seated himself on a large stone near the second pyramid, which is about the same height, and fixed his eyes on that enormous mass, which for so many ages has baffled the conjectures of ancient and modern writers,

BERNARD.—I should like to know all the thoughts that passed through his mind as he sat

upon that great stone. I dare say he was projecting some wonderful plan !

Mrs. A.—The sight of this amazing work astonished him, as much as the total obscurity in which we are of its origin, its interior, and its construction. One of the greatest wonders of the world stood before him, without his knowing whether it had any cavity within, or whether it was only one solid mass.

OWEN.—I foresee what is coming, mamma. There was an entrance into the other great pyramid, and Belzoni was projecting one into this. I see by your smile that I am in the right.

Mrs. A.—Various attempts had been made by numerous travellers to find an entrance into this pyramid, but so ineffectually, that there seemed little probability that even our enterprising Belzoni could succeed. However, experience had taught him to anticipate success ; and he knew very well that the greatest difficulties may be overcome by patience and perseverance.

He rose at length, and, by an involuntary impulse, walked round the pyramid, surveying every part, and almost every stone. When he came on the north side, he observed indications that induced him to attempt searching there for an entrance. He perceived an accumulation of

huge stones ; consequently he had some hopes of finding a passage under this heap of ruins.

The following day he resolved to make a closer examination, without communicating his secret to any one. This review encouraged him in the attempt, and he applied without loss of time to the Bey for men to assist him in penetrating one of the great pyramids of Egypt— one of the wonders of the world !

Accordingly he left Cairo, having provided himself with a small tent and some provisions, that he might not be obliged to return to the city. He found eighty Arabs ready to work, and immediately set about the operation. They were daily paid one piastre (or sixpence) each. Several boys and girls of your age were also employed to carry away the earth as the men dug it. Belzoni contrived to ensure their good-will by trifles and presents, and by pointing out to them the advantage they would gain if they succeeded in penetrating into the pyramid, as many strangers would come to see it, and they would get bakshis from them.

OWEN.—Belzoni knew that nothing has so much influence on the mind of an Arab as reasoning with him about his own interest, and shewing him the right way to benefit himself.

He does not seem to understand any thing else. I wish, mamma, that Belzoni had had eighty honest Englishmen in the place of those eighty Arabs!

Mrs. A.—You have a good opinion of your own countrymen, to think that their master's interest is dearer to them than their own. Well, be it so. These Arabs worked with earnestness for some days; but after many vain expectations, and much labour in removing the mortar, which was so hard that their hatchets were nearly all broken, they began to flag in their prospect of finding any thing; and Belzoni seemed about to become an object of ridicule, for making the attempt to penetrate into a place which appeared to them, as well as to more civilized people, a mere mass of stone!

BERNARD.—What made it appear so, mamma? and why did they use hatchets? Would not spades have been better?

Mrs. A.—They were the only instruments that could be procured. The cause of the pyramid appearing like a solid rock was, that the mortar which fell from the upper part of it had been moistened by the dew (for in spring and summer very heavy dews fall in Egypt at night),

and had gradually formed itself into one mass with the stones.

Belzoni's hopes did not forsake him, notwithstanding so many difficulties presented themselves; and the Arabs, although their zeal was somewhat lessened, did not cease to work as long as they received a daily piastre. At last, after sixteen days of fruitless toil, one of the Arabian workmen perceived a small chink between two stones of the pyramid.

BERNARD.—This gave Belzoni great joy, I suppose. How large was that little chink, mamma?

MRS. A.—Belzoni could just thrust a long palm stick into it, which he did upwards of two yards; and the Arab was equally delighted with himself, thinking that *he* had found the entrance so eagerly sought for.

Encouraged by this circumstance, the people resumed their former vigour, and the work went on rapidly. After removing one of these stones, and a great quantity of sand and rubbish, they came to an opening inwards. Having made it wide enough to enter, Belzoni took a candle in his hand, and, looking in, perceived a spacious cavity, of which he could form no conjecture.

The size of the entrance was increased, and he found that it was a forced passage, probably intended to find a way to the centre of the pyramid. But the hope that this would lead to the real entrance was in vain: it gave him none, and, after much trouble in enlarging it, he remained as ignorant as he was before he began.

BERNARD.—I shall be very sorry if he despair of entering the pyramid on this account.

MRS. A.—He gave a day's rest to the Arabs after this disappointment, and dedicated the interim of their repose to a closer inspection of the stupendous pile: for, according to your wish, Bernard, he was determined on the accomplishment of his intended purpose.

OWEN.—I suppose that the ill success of the discovery of the forced passage was considered as a failure. However, I hope he will not give it up. I dare say the thought of Young Memnon, and of the temple of Ybsambul, gave him encouragement.

MRS. A.—The result of this day of researches was, that it would be better to begin in another part; and accordingly the Arabs were again set to work. They liked to receive their money, but they had no expectation that an entrance would ever be found; and Belzoni often heard

them uttering in a low voice, "*magnoon!*" which is, in plain English, madman! However, they went on with their excavations, and in a few days Belzoni discovered a large block of granite: this gave him much pleasure. The next day three large blocks of granite were uncovered. His expectation and hope increased; as, to all appearance, he was near attaining the object of his search. Happily, he was not mistaken; for on the next day, the 2d of March 1818, at noon, they came to the right entrance into the pyramid. It proved to be a passage only four feet high, and it was almost filled up with large stones, which had fallen from the upper part. With some difficulty the stones were drawn out of this passage; and it was not until the evening of the next day that they reached a portcullis, which obstructed their labour.

BERNARD.—A portcullis, mamma! What is that?

OWEN.—I can tell you, Bernard. It is a sort of machine like a harrow, hung over the gates of a city, or any other place, to be let down to keep out an enemy.

Mrs. A.—At first sight it appeared to be a fixed block of stone, and said *ne plus ultra*, as if ready to put an end to all Belzoni's projects.

In time, however, the portcullis was raised high enough for a man to pass. An Arab entered with a torch, and returned saying that the place within was very fine.

BERNARD.—I should like to have had a torch, and peeped at the fine place within the portcullis myself! Should not you, Owen?

OWEN.—You forget that the man was an *Arab!* a great enemy of yours, you know.—Well, mamma.

Mrs. A.—They continued by unwearied efforts to raise the portcullis, and at last made the opening large enough for Belzoni to enter it; and, after thirty days' exertion, he had the pleasure of finding himself in the way to the central chamber of one of the two mighty pyramids of Egypt. Having passed through several long passages cut out of the solid rock, he reached a door at the centre of a large chamber, and, walking two or three steps, stood still to contemplate the place where he was. It was a striking scene. He was in the centre of that pyramid which, from time immemorial, has been the subject of the obscure conjectures of many hundred travellers, both ancient and modern, and against whose hollow sides the sound of a hu-

man voice had not re-echoed for more than a thousand years !

EMILY.—Oh, mamma ! how awful it must have been ! This was better than all—even than entering the temple of Ypsambul, or the tomb of Psammuthis !

MRS. A.—Belzoni's torch, formed of a few wax candles, but faintly glimmered ; and he looked around on the spot where not a ray of light had penetrated for more than eleven centuries ! He was in the middle of one of those stupendous pyramids, which, in defiance of the ravages of time, still remain as monuments of ancient magnificence, and of the evanescent glory of those by whom they were erected.

When Belzoni had examined, and entered and re-entered the many chambers and passages within the pyramid, he returned to open daylight, highly gratified with the result of his researches : and I imagine, Owen, that he felt no small degree of satisfaction in applying to himself our favourite motto—

OWEN.—“ *Labor omnia vincit,*” mamma ! And it shall be *my* motto, whenever I have any thing difficult to do.

MRS. A.—In a few days, Belzoni, having ar-

ranged his affairs, became anxious to return to the valley of Beban el Malook; and not omitting to provide himself with every thing necessary for forming models and impressions of the figures, emblems, and hieroglyphics in the tomb of Psammuthis, he set off for his old habitation among the sepulchres of Thebes.

BERNARD.—Do let us follow him, dear mamma: I am very glad he had such success in entering the pyramid, and I hope he will have as much in every thing that he undertakes. I see that patience is a very good quality, mamma.

Mrs. A.—So it is, my dear boy; and if you will exercise it till to-morrow evening, I mean to tell you something more.



CHAP. IV.

EVENING came. The curtains were drawn; the candles lighted; and the juvenile party seated around their mother. “Mamma always fulfils her promise,” whispered Bernard to Emily: “we need not put her in mind of Belzoni.”

Mrs. A. overheard her little boy, smiled, and resumed her narrative :

Our friend was just about to return to the tombs of the kings when we took leave of him last night, I believe. After a rapid and agreeable voyage up the Nile, he arrived there, and immediately proceeded to take drawings and models, which employment detained him some months.

And we are now going to accompany him to the Red Sea.

EMILY.—To the Red Sea, between Egypt and Arabia? I wonder what he means to do there! Will you please to tell us, mamma, what inducement Belzoni had for going to the Red Sea?

Mrs. A.—Yes; you shall hear presently.

Our old friend, Mahomed Ali, the Bashaw, had been informed that there were some sulphur mines in the mountains near the sea-coast, and had sent an escort of soldiers and sixty camels to load with sulphur: but they had not succeeded in procuring it. However, this poor success did not discourage Ali, who was always ready to persevere in any enterprize. I dare say you recollect that he was of an active, inquisitive disposition; fond of new projects and new

pursuits; like a certain person of my acquaintance!

OWEN (*laughing*).—Oh, yes, mamma! He was delighted with the electrical machine, because he had never seen one before; he had a sugar-mill, a silk manufacture, and a gunpowder-mill; and now he wanted sulphur. Sulphur is used in the composition of gunpowder: perhaps that was what he wanted it for.

MRS. A.—He was advised to send some Europeans to the Red Sea, who might bring him word whether it were worth while to proceed in the discovery of sulphur. A Monsieur Caliud undertook the task, and set off, accompanied by an escort of soldiers and miners from Syria. But he found the mines as sterile as they had been described, and returned back; not neglecting, however, to visit the emerald mountains in his way, according to instructions he had received from his former employer, Mr. Drouetti.

BERNARD.—I do not much like Monsieur Caliud, mamma, now that you say he had been employed by that troublesome Mr. Drouetti.

MRS. A.—He found several caves or mines in those mountains which had evidently been left by the ancients.

EMILY.—Did Belzoni see Monsieur Caliud?

MRS. A.—Yes; and his account tempted him to commence his expedition. Monsieur Caliud told him that there were mines in the country, and also that he had visited a place called Sakiet Minor, situated in a valley near the sea, and surrounded by high rocks. From the account he gave Belzoni, a notion became impressed on the minds of many antiquaries in Egypt that it must have been the ancient city of Berenice; and from the moment that our friend heard this report, he conceived the idea of making an excursion into those deserts on a visit to Berenice, and only waited a proper time to execute his intended journey.

EMILY.—When did he set off, mamma, and how did he travel? And why did Monsieur Caliud fancy that the city of Berenice was in that valley?

MRS. A.—Time had almost destroyed every remnant of it; but Caliud reported that he had discovered the remains of eight hundred houses, and several temples, as well as a small chapel cut out of the rock, and that the ruins resembled those of Pompeii. Of course, our enterprising antiquary was anxious to inspect the remains of this once celebrated place, and having hired a

boat to take them to Edfu, they embarked near Gournou. The company consisted of himself, Mr. Beechey, a doctor who was going to cross the desert, two Greek servants, a miner, and two boys to take care of the baggage.

EMILY.—What were they going to cross a great sandy desert! That will be delightful! Will you be so good as to wait whilst I open the atlas, mamma?

There, now I have put my little finger at Gournou, just by Thebes, and I am going to follow them either to the sulphur mines or emerald mountains, or Sakiet Minor, as you please.

MRS. A.—It so happened that they were to behold one of the greatest calamities that have occurred in Egypt in the recollection of any one living. The Nile rose this season three feet above its usual height, with uncommon rapidity, and carried off several villages and some hundreds of their inhabitants.

EMILY.—And *did* Belzoni witness this distressing scene?

MRS. A.—Yes: he says that he never saw any picture that could give a more correct idea of the deluge than the valley of the Nile at this season. The Arabs had expected an extraor-

dinary inundation this year in consequence of the scarcity of water the preceding year, but they did not apprehend it would rise to such an height.

BERNARD.—I thought you had told us that they generally make fences of earth and reeds around their villages, to keep the water from entering their houses.

MRS. A.—So they do. But the force of this inundation baffled all their efforts. Their cottages, being built of earth, could not stand one instant against the current, and the water had no sooner reached them than it levelled them with the ground. The rapid stream carried off all that was before it; men, women, children, cattle, corn, every thing was washed away in a moment, and left the place where the village Agalta stood, without any thing to indicate that there had ever been a house on the spot. Belzoni says, they appeared to be in the midst of a vast lake, containing various islands and magnificent edifices. On one side they beheld the high rocks and the temples of Gournou, and on the other the vast ruins of Carnac and Luxor. He saw several villages in danger of being destroyed like that of Agalta. The rapid stream had already carried away their fences,

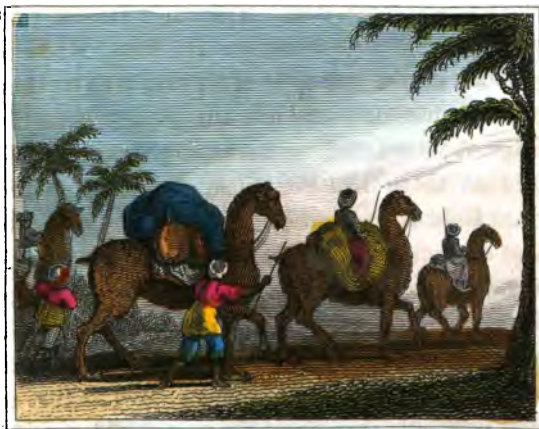
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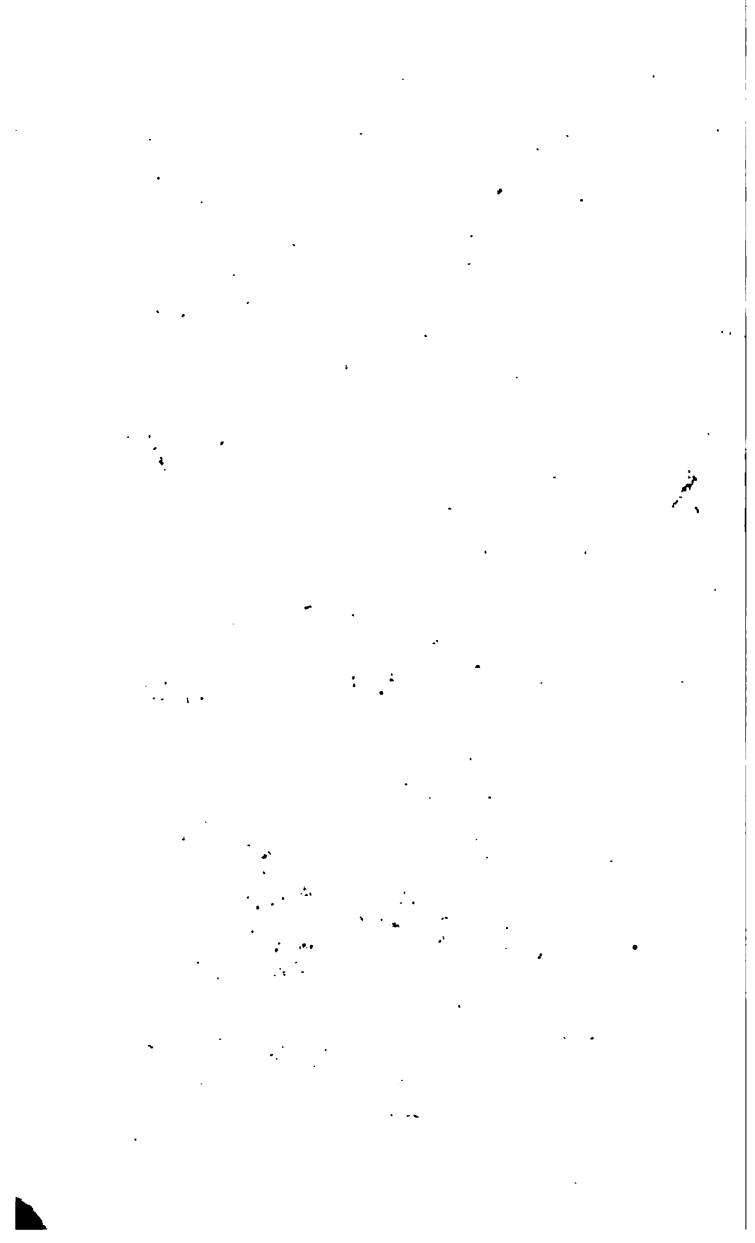


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and the unfortunate inhabitants endeavoured to ascend the highest parts, with the little they could preserve from the water. Their distress was very great. Some of them had only a few feet of land, and the water was expected to rise twelve days more, and after that to remain twelve days at its height, according to the usual term of the inundation.

OWEN.—How melancholy it would have made me to see them, mamma! Could they not have contrived little bridges from one island to another—little bridges of beams, you know, like that upon which Belzoni crossed the pit in the tomb?

MRS. A.—It was a most distressing sight. Some poor wretches crossed the water on pieces of wood—bridges would have been no security; some on buffaloes or cows, and others with reeds tied up in large bundles. The small spots of high ground, that stood above the water were crowded with people, who held out their hands and implored help.

BERNARD.—Poor creatures! There obliged to stand, dreading every moment, I suppose, to be washed away; or, at least without any hope of relief before the end of twenty-four days.

Were there no boats to be had, and had they nothing to eat, mamma?

Mrs. A.—The scanty stock of provisions they had saved was the only subsistence they could expect. The Cacheffs and Caimakans of the country did all they could to assist the unfortunate creatures with their little boats, but they were so few in proportion to what were wanted that they could not relieve the greater part of them.

OWEN.—Could not Belzoni have taken some in his own little boat ?

Mrs. A.—He would have done so most willingly, but he knew it would be dangerous to attempt it, for so many would have entered it at once that the boat would probably have sunk.

On their arrival at Erments, where happily the land was very high, they found many of the neighbouring people collected.

BERNARD.—I dare say Belzoni landed there, however, and employed his boat to fetch some of the poor wretches. He was courageous, mamma, and papa says that real courage is generally united with humanity and kindness.

Mrs. A.—You are right. Belzoni was rejoiced to find that he could be of some little service, and his boat was sent again and again in company with others to fetch the people from the opposite village. It at first returned with

men and boys; then with men, corn, and cattle; then with more corn, buffaloes, sheep, goats, asses, and dogs; and then with the women, who, I am sorry to say, are there treated as the most insignificant part of their property.

With the gratifying reflection of having been of some little service, our party arrived at Esne.

OWEN.—Did they go to see their old friend, Khalil Bey?

MRS. A.—He was from home; they therefore proceeded to the island of Hovasee, on the opposite side of the Nile to Edfu.

EMILY.—A little dot points out the situation of this island, mamma. How long did they stop there?

MRS. A.—Only long enough to procure camels and men to accompany them across the desert, and they then went on shore on the eastern side, and set off the next day.

BERNARD.—Just tell me, mamma, how many camels they had.

MRS. A.—They had sixteen of these patient, gentle creatures; six of them were laden with provisions, water, and culinary utensils. Camels were much better than horses, because they are used to carry merchandize across the large sandy plains, which would be impassable

unless Providence had created this useful animal, which is capable of enduring hunger and fatigue, and wonderfully provided with a resource against thirst by an internal formation, which enables it to drink at one time water enough to serve it for many days.

The party was increased by a soldier from Esne, four camel drivers, and a Scheik to guide them.

BERNARD.—Fourteen men in all. But pray who was the Scheik ?

MRS. A.—Scheik Ibrahim was an Arab. He had engaged to attend the caravan as chief, promising to conduct Belzoni and his friends to the ancient Berenice.

BERNARD.—I suppose the Scheik was a fine, brave fellow, and I hope he will guide them there in safety.

MRS. A.—They set off very early in the morning, and arrived at the first well in three hours. There they remained the whole day waiting for Ibrahim, who had not yet joined them. However the following morning he appeared, and they entered a good and level road through a valley. Many sunt and sycamore trees were interspersed about this valley with the thorny plant called basillah.

OWEN.—Is not that the plant upon which the camels feed, mamma?

MRS. A.—Yes, my love. It is green I believe in the spring, but it soon becomes dry, and of course of a straw colour. It bears a small fruit of the size of a pea. The stalk resembles that of a rush, and it never grows higher than three feet. As our party advanced, the valley became narrow, and the trees, in some parts, thicker; but they gradually diminished until Belzoni and his companions found themselves on a wide and open plain; they took up their abode for the day at a sort of temple or inclosure, evidently built for the accommodation of travellers. The next morning they pursued their journey. Not the least vegetation was to be seen any where. Sometimes they passed over wide and level plains, and sometimes crossed hills of loose sand, till two hours before sunset, when they entered a valley called Beezak by the Arabs.

BERNARD.—I am glad they are come to a valley, mamma, because the valleys appear to be more generally fertile than the hills.

MRS. A.—Several trees were scattered about in it, and the usual thorn also.

EMILY.—Then the camels had a feast, mamma! Did they halt there for the night?

Mrs. A.—Yes : and Belzoni was gratified by perceiving the marks of camels' feet impressed on the sand, whence he concluded that he was on the high road to Berenice.

The next morning the caravan was divided into three different detachments—

BERNARD.—Stop, mamma, if you please. Will you tell me what you mean by saying the caravan was divided ?

When Owen and I went through the little gate at the end of the plantation one day, we saw a kind of cart going down the lane, and some gypseys with it ; Owen called that a caravan. When we went to see the elephant at——, last summer, it was in a great wooden house on wheels you know, and papa said *that* was a caravan. So I am quite puzzled.

Mrs. A.—I will explain it to you. We do call such a carriage as you mention a caravan, in England ; but in the eastern countries, by a caravan is meant a company of travellers, who for mutual protection and safety agree to cross the desert regions together.

The luggage and provisions were sent forward ; the doctor was ill, it was therefore dangerous for him to proceed any farther, and he returned towards the Nile, whilst Mr. Belzoni

and his friend Mr. Beechey went a little out of the way to see something that the Ababde had mentioned.

EMILY.—Who are the Ababde, mother?

MRS. A.—An independent tribe, who, preferring freedom and liberty to any thing else, reside among the solitary rocks and deserts which extend from the confines of Suez to Nubia, on the borders of the Red Sea, where they live upon dhourra and water. But such is their love of liberty, that they would rather submit to this mode of life than to the command of any government on earth.

OWEN.—So would I! rather than be subject to the caprice of a tyrannical power at all events. Liberty, independence, for me, mamma! Will you tell me something more about the Ababde? I admire them very much.

MRS. A.—Perhaps your admiration would be lessened were you to see them: they are of small stature, badly made, and have generally a pipe in their mouths. Sometimes, but not often, they kill a lean goat, and this they consider a great feast. Their principal care is for their camels, which are their support.

EMILY.—How can that be, mamma? I

thought that they never wanted to travel across the great deserts.

Mrs. A.—Because when they are arrived at a certain growth they send them to be exchanged for dhourra, which as I have told you constitutes their food.

Owen.—In what manner do the Ababde spend their time?

Mrs. A.—Some of the most industrious cut wood and make charcoal with it, which they send to the Nile on their camels, and barter it for dhourra, tallow, and tent cloth. Few, however, undergo such a labour, for they like to live at their ease.

Bernard.—Well, mamma, I would much rather be one of the harmless Ababde, and cut down sunt trees among the rocks and deserts, load my camel, and honestly earn the reward of my labour, than one of the deceitful Arabs at Gournou.

Mrs. A.—The Arabs of Gournou seem to have made a strong impression on your mind, my dear. However I am of your opinion, that a poor and honest life is preferable to one dependant upon mean resources.

Emily.—What was Belzoni going to see when we left him, mother?

Mrs. A.—He entered with his friends into a sandy plain, with rocks of white stone on each side nearly perpendicular, and passed through several beautiful and romantic valleys. The soil was sandy and stony, but the thorny trees and the sunt trees formed a complete forest in many parts. One who wishes to retire from the world might find a charming retreat in these wilds, were it not for the want of water, and all that is necessary to the subsistence of human life, besides the intense heat of the sun, which on calm days is so great as to be almost insupportable. Advancing onwards, in three hours they reached a summit, whence they perceived at some distance what appeared to be the walls of a large and extensive town, surrounded by high rocks, as if by fortifications. On their approach, they found it was an extensive sandy plain, with several granite eminences. From this place they travelled to the left, towards the valley in which it was intended they should halt. The caravan had reached the place before them, and they proceeded on their march till they overtook it near a well situated in the midst of rocks, which, interspersed with trees, formed an amphitheatre round it. There they remained a day or two.

BERNARD.—Did any of the Ababde visit them whilst there?

MRS. A.—Yes: it was a novelty for strangers to come so near them; the greater part of them had never quitted their mountains, and those few who had been to the Nile to purchase *hourra* were accounted men of great knowledge. They said that they were content to live in that wild state, as all their forefathers had done, to remain free from tyranny and despotism; and that they would be quiet if they were left so; but on the contrary they would sooner perish than lose their liberty.

OWEN.—Brave, independent fellows! But I should have admired them still more had they not been so indolent.

MRS. A.—You would have been amused if you could have seen with what curiosity they eyed the strangers, and at their ignorance of things in common use with us. One of them perceived a piece of lemon-peel lying on the ground and wondered what it was, whilst another took it up and ate it with an air of great self-sufficiency.

OWEN.—Ha! ha! I dare say he had been to the Nile, and did so to shew the great knowledge he had acquired—that lemon-peel is good to eat—how wonderfully clever!

Mrs A.—Belzoni gave them a piece of loaf sugar, and when they had eaten it they declared that the valley he came from must be better than theirs, as it produced such good and sweet, bread.

OWEN.—Had they arms, mamma? But I suppose not, for as their neighbours did not injure them, of course they would not wish to attack their neighbours.

Mrs. A.—Unfortunately they had some use for them, for the soldiers and miners who had accompanied Monsieur Callud to the emerald mines, which are among these mountains, had behaved very ill towards them, assailed their huts, and committed many depredations, of which the Ababde complained very much. Their arms were chiefly slings, spears and swords.

Early on the morning of the 28th Belzoni and his party again set off, and travelled for two days, when they saw the Red Sea at a great distance, and bent their course through several valleys to a very high mountain called Zubara.

EMILY.—Zubara! That is a curious name for a mountain, mother.

Mrs. A.—It is given in consequence of the emeralds which have been found there. At the foot of this mountain about fifty men were en-

camped, and at work in the old mines of the ancients, in hopes of finding some of the precious stone. Their work had commenced about six months before, but had been attended with no success, as the mines were nearly choked up with rubbish. Belzoni contrived to acquire all the information he could about the object of their expedition, and received very favourable accounts of it, being assured that the ruins of the town of which he was in search was only six hours' distance; he therefore hoped to have a fine view of it before night. Whilst the camels halted he went to see the entrances into the mines. They were something like the common tombs or mummy pits at Gournou, cut in the rock, and extended a great distance before the emeralds were found. Belzoni procured an old man from among the natives to guide them to the ruins of the anticipated Berenice, and sought information from some of the miners who had been at the very place when Monsieur Callud was there. Their accounts certainly did not correspond with his; he had raised Belzoni's expectations very highly, you know.

EMILY.—Oh yes, mamma. There must have been a city I am sure, for Monsieur Callud told Mr. Belzoni that he had discovered the remains

of eight hundred houses, and several temples, as well as a small chapel cut out of the rock, and that the ruins resembled those of Pompeii. I dare say that these people went only in search of mines, and did not pay much regard to the beauties of architecture, or the grandeur of ancient ruins !

Mrs. A.—So Belzoni thought ; and, encouraged by this hope, they prepared for a departure the following morning. When they had gone about half a mile, they perceived that they were without their guides. Both the Scheik Ibrahim, and the old man who was to conduct them over the country to see the town and other places, were missing : they were consequently obliged to return in search of them, and found them hid behind a rock, conversing secretly with each other.

OWEN.—That was very suspicious. Pray what account did they give of themselves ?

Mrs. A.—They professed to have been in search of a sheep which was stolen in the night, and they had nothing else to live upon ; but, as they said they could not find it, they again set off for the much-desired and ancient city of Berenice.

BERNARD.—I do not much like that old man.

I shall not be surprized if they meet with some disagreeable adventure through his means.— Why did he hide himself behind a rock to look for a sheep? and what could he have been talking about? I should like to know!

MRS. A.—They trusted themselves to his guidance, however. Their road laid through high rocks, and narrow valleys, embosomed with trees, until they had gradually approached the mountain of Zubarā, the highest of the emerald mountains. Here they were led by the old man in various directions, through wild and craggy places, for seven hours. He told them that the spot he wanted to see was near, but that they had a high pass to go over the mountain named Arraie.

BERNARD.—Before we follow them, will you be so good as to tell me where Pompeii is. Emily says that Monsieur Caliud stated that the ruins of Berenice resembled those of that city.

MRS. A.—It was once a large city of Italy, my love, but was overwhelmed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. About fifty years since, a farmer was digging for a spring of water or deep ditch, when he came to the top of magnificent buildings. This was the first discovery for many hundred years; and now several streets

and the ruins of many majestic buildings have been discovered. The name of the place was Pompeii.

Our travellers continued their journey, for hope gave them patience, and ascended something like an ancient road, or rather path. On the summit of the mountain above they observed a large wall, so situated that it appeared to look over the path and both sides of the mountain.

BERNARD.—Come, this must have been some encouragement! I quite expect it was the city!

Mrs. A.—When they reached the top of the road their camels were quite exhausted: some of them had fallen on the way, and were unloaded to enable them to ascend; and the strongest camels had to return to fetch the loads of the others.

BERNARD.—Ah, mamma! a steep craggy road over a mountain is no more adapted to a camel than the deep sand of the Desert to a horse. I dare say that my little Smiler would not have been so fatigued: he is used to climb up the Cumberland mountains, you know.

OWEN.—But not one of the Cumberland mountains is to be compared with that of Arraie.

Mrs. A.—When they reached the summit,

they began to look for the desired Berenice ; but, alas ! in vain. Their hopes had been so raised by Monsieur Caliod, that Belzoni's active imagination had already pictured the remains of some majestic dome, or lofty column, or noble edifice, by which he expected to distinguish the town, and which was to serve as a guide to the spot, whither he intended to hasten the moment he beheld it. His companion was not less anxious than himself, and his ideas were equally excited. They had made arrangements how to proceed when they arrived there. As their provision was scanty, they could stop but a few days, and had already distributed their time accordingly. He was to take drawings of all the beautiful buildings, monuments, figures, paintings, sculptures, statues, and columns. Belzoni was to survey all the vast ruins as fast as he could ; to observe where any thing was to be found or discovered ; to take measures of all the monuments and plans of every stone in that great city.

Such pleasing ideas had the fertile fancy of our antiquaries excited. Now to the fact.

From the summit upon which they were, they expected to have a view not only of the sea, but of a wide plain also ; as it was natural to sup-

pose, that a town like Pompeii could not have been entirely built among those wild mountains. Not perceiving any, they expected to be agreeably surprized, on turning some of the rocks, by beholding one. The old man told them that, previous to reaching the town, they would see some grottos in the mountains, which their vivid imaginations made them conclude were the tombs of the inhabitants of Berenice. They advanced insensibly, continually keeping their eyes fixed on the points of some rocks which stood before him, with the hope that, on turning the next angle, the glorious sight would present itself: and, indeed, the scattered and ruined walls of some ancient enclosures announced to them that they would soon see some habitation.

They observed a square hole in the rock, which had evidently been cut by some of the miners in form of a chapel.

Belzoni now began to congratulate himself that they had nearly arrived, and, whilst employed with these thoughts, the old man who was at the head, serving as a guide, made a sign to halt. The drivers gave a signal to the camels, and the camels, who were already weary and exhausted by passing over the mountains, did

not wait for its repetition, but, with all the luggage, were crouched in a moment on the ground, before Belzoni was able to account for it. He told the drivers that he did not intend to stop there, but wished to advance farther into the town, where the houses might be seen; when, to his no small astonishment, he was told by the old man that this was the very spot where the Christian had been before.

EMILY.—What an odd, mysterious old man he was, mamma! I do not admire him at all. By the other Christian, he meant Monsieur Calud, I suppose. But it is quite impossible that *he* could have called this place Berenice: and where were the eight hundred houses?

MRS. A.—Belzoni himself could hardly suppose that the account he had received would be so exaggerated, as to lead him to suppose he should find another Pompeii instead of the place at which he had just arrived; and he reproached the old man for stopping there, and not advancing to the town, which, according to his own account, could not be far off. He again protested that this was the spot, and that there was no other with houses in any part of the deserts or mountains. Belzoni was incredulous; and resolving not to submit to what he believed to

be the imposition of the old man, as it now wanted four hours to sunset, he mounted his camel again.

BERNARD.—His poor, wearied camel! I imagine it would much rather have staid where it was, than have gone in search of old Berenice. Did his friend, Mr. Beechey, go too?

MRS. A.—Yes: consequently all the caravan followed at a distance. They entered a long valley, and, filled with the hope of seeing the ancient city, our travellers proceeded for four hours without perceiving a single habitation.

EMILY.—Oh! I fancy, mamma, how desolate and how much disappointed they must have felt. The sun was just setting, you know, therefore it was getting dark; and no house was near. I wonder where they slept that night?

MRS. A.—At length they reached a valley called Wady el Gomal, which was almost covered with a beautiful tree called the egley; and having lost all hopes of finding Berenice that evening, they halted to rest on a clean bed of sand, which I believe was as comfortable as the sugar-cane bed, Bernard, though Belzoni would certainly rather have slept among the magnificent temples of the great city. But the poor camels,

instead of reposing, were obliged to fetch water, both for themselves and their masters, from a well not less than fifteen miles distant.

OWEN.—I cannot imagine, mother, what could induce the old man not to shew them the place described by Monsieur Calud. Perhaps the miners at Zubara had told him to keep it secret, for fear Belzoni should discover any emerald mines in or near Berenice.

Mrs. A.—Indeed, they did not know what to think. Their provisions began to make them cautious: they had biscuit for twenty days, but their sheep was lost, you remember. Still they were easily satisfied, so that they did but reach the desired emporium of the commerce formerly carried on by the nations of Europe with India.

Early on the following morning they perceived a high monument four or five miles from the valley, and as they had to wait for the return of the camels, they thought they might ascend the mountain to have a view of the country, or of the remains of the celebrated Berenice. They set off, and observed on their way several flocks of wild antelopes skipping about the craggy rocks on each side of the beautiful valley, which, being ornamented with suvaroe and debbo trees

in addition to the egley, formed a delightful contrast to the wide sandy desert. No one had probably been in this spot for many centuries, and very likely no one will pass through it for many more to come. When they reached the summit of the mountain, they took a view all around: they had a small telescope with them, and the peak on which they stood commanded a prospect many miles in extent.

BERNARD.—Now for Berenice!

Mrs. A.—Alas! this much-sought-for town vanished, or rather never appeared. No remnants of it were to be discerned, and Belzoni might have exclaimed in the words of Shakespeare:

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind.—

Indeed, there was ocular demonstration in the truth of this assertion, with respect to its towers, temples, and palaces; for the once brilliant and flourishing city had disappeared, and they now began to be persuaded that Monsieur Caliid had seen the town, with its eight hundred houses,

and so much like Pompeii, in his own imagination only.

OWEN. — That provoking Mr. Caliod! I thought nothing good would ever come from him and his wonderful tales, and I like the old man better now.

MRS. A. — Belzoni observed some high mountains on the south-east, which the old man, who had followed them all the way, said were near the sea. They determined to pursue that course, and to try whether they could reach the spot described by a former traveller as being the situation of the Berenice Trogloditica.

LAURA. — Hope seemed always to cheer our traveller; nothing compelled him to renounce his projects.

MRS. A. — They descended the mountain, and returned to the beautiful valley in which they had passed the preceding night.

BERNARD. — And they waited there, I suppose, for the return of the camels with a fresh supply of water?

MRS. A. — Yes: they wanted it sadly, for a single zemzabie only remained.

BERNARD. — What do you mean by a zemzabie?

Mrs. A.—A leather bag, containing about three quarts, was so called. Their thirst was great, and they felt in some degree the calamity of living without water. Hunger is painful to endure, but thirst is far more intolerable. At last, however, to their great joy, the camels appeared in sight. The poor drivers were exceedingly fatigued, and almost unable to proceed. The caravan travelled on for some hours, and arrived in another valley, the rocks of which were nearly perpendicular. After this the hills became small, and the sandy banks rising one behind another made them expect to see the sea very shortly. They went on till a late hour, and at length halted at a spot where they thought the sand might again prove a comfortable bed. Fortunately for Belzoni it was so; for his camel was so weary, that no sooner did he reach it than he threw him off his back, and leaving him there, saddle and all, set off without delay to feed among the thorns.

Early the next day they resumed their journey; but the hills of sand, instead of diminishing, increased in size, which made them fearful that they were yet far from the sea. However, about noon the valley opened all at once, and

at the distance of five miles they saw the Arabian Gulf.

EMILY.—How much joy the sight of the open horizon must have given them, after having been so long shut up in that narrow valley!

BERNARD.—I should think they were glad to plunge in the sea when they reached it, and to stand on the beach and let the billowy waves roll over them.

Mrs. A.—They perceived, on arriving at the shore, that it was composed as far as they could see of a mass of petrifications of various kinds.

EMILY.—I have heard, mamma, that the Red Sea is particularly noted for its sea-weeds, corals, shells, and similar productions, and that the bottom of it is literally a forest of sub-marine plants.

Mrs. A.—And these are formed into a solid mass like a rock, which extends from the bank of sand that forms the boundary of the tide, and runs into the sea for a great length. They resolved to take the road along the coast until they should reach the spot which was pointed out as Berenice, according to the account of the traveller whom I named before.

EMILY.—Will you be so good as to show me

its situation? It is not marked on the map; mamma.

Mrs. A.—No, not on our modern maps. But I believe it is just by that point of land projecting into the sea, called Cape Lepte, a little beyond the 24th degree of latitude.

EMILY.—I have made a dot with my pencil, and I shall not forget that it is intended for Berenice. Go on, mother.

Mrs. A.—They acquainted the drivers with their intention, who, poor creatures, were too much fatigued willingly to acquiesce in it. They indeed went so far as absolutely to refuse proceeding, but at last found it in vain to resist. It was concluded that two of the camels should go first to the nearest well for water, and that the caravan should wait their return. During this interval Belzoni and his friends made a little excursion along the coast; the plain which extended from the mountains to the sea, was covered in many places with woods of sycamore trees, and at the foot of these mountains they saw several mines of sulphur, which they wished Mahomed Ali could have viewed also. They made a good repast out of some shell-fish, which abound along the coast, and they were probably as great a feast to our wearied and hungry friends, Emily,

as the train oil was to your little Greenlanders.

EMILY.—Well, mamma, I am glad they found something, and that they did not perish by hunger.

Mrs. A.—On their return to the caravan they found that the guide had met with an acquaintance of his who lived by catching fish, not far from where they were. His only habitation consisted of a tent four feet high and five feet wide ; and his wife, her son and daughter, formed the family.

BERNARD.—If this old fisherman were as goodnatured as the fisherman near the lake of Winander-mere, mamma, I think he would have gone and procured some fish for them when he saw they were so hungry. Our fisherman gave us shrimps in abundance, you know.

Mrs. A.—Money presented an attraction, and persuaded him to try what he could do. Their mode of fishing is somewhat strange.

BERNARD.—Oh do, dear mother, describe it very particularly. I dare say they had no little nets as Robert and Alfred had at the cottage in Westmoreland.

Mrs. A.—They make a curious sort of boat, in which I own I should not much like to see my



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Little Bernard. They throw in the water part of the trunk of a tree, at one end of which a small pole is stuck upright to serve as a mast, and on the top of it a piece of wood is horizontally fastened. A woollen shawl being thrown over it, forms a kind of sail; two fishermen place themselves on the large trunk, as you used to do across your stick horse, and by means of a chord fastened to the middle of the sail, they take the wind more or less as is required.

OWEN.—When the fishermen are thus equipped, and at some distance from the shore, how do they seize their prey?

Mrs. A.—Belzoni could scarcely tell, but he fancied that they darted their long spears at the fish, and procured them by this means. The old man brought one to Belzoni: he could not tell its name, but he had seen a very good representation of it among the hieroglyphics in the tomb of Psammuthis.

EMILY.—How long was it before the camels made their appearance again?

Mrs. A.—They returned in the course of a day or two, with a load of fresh water, and the caravan now divided into two parties. The Greek servant and some of the camels were sent to a spring in the adjacent mountains, there to wait

the return of the rest, who set off in the forenoon along the coast. On their road they passed the abodes of several other fishermen: but when they saw our travellers at a distance, they left their tents and marched off towards the mountains. All the signs that were made to stop them were of no avail.

EMILY.—They were like the people of Majoraty, mamma, who hid themselves in that great hole under the ruins of an old castle, and would not come out when Belzoni went to visit them.

Mrs. A.—Yes: I recollect they left their huts in a similar manner. When our friends arrived at the tents, they found some excellent fish just roasted, which the inhabitants had no doubt intended for their own supper. They however partook of their meal, and having left some money in payment on the top of a water jar, continued their journey. Towards evening they left the shore, and began to feel the short allowance of water, as they knew that, without great care, it would soon be entirely gone. A few hours after they crossed a very extensive plain, and arrived again at the sea. Not expecting to discover the remains of Berenice that night, it was an agreeable surprise to find themselves all at once on one of those heaps of ruins which

point out the situation of ancient towns so often seen in Egypt. They entered, and at once beheld the regular situations of the houses, the principal streets, and in the centre a small Egyptian temple, nearly covered with sand, as well as the insides of the houses; their wonder increased on examining the materials with which the houses were built: they could see nothing but coral, roots, madrepores, and several petrifications of various sea-weeds.

EMILY.—These were singular buildings, however, mamma! We have heard of the little huts in Peru, which are made of bamboo canes; and of the wigwams of North America, formed of stakes, and leaves, and turf; and of the dwellings of the little Laplanders, composed of bark and rein-deer skins; and we have seen the cottages of poor people in England built of mud; but we have never heard of coral and sea-weed houses before!

Mrs. A.—The situation of this town was delightful. Our travellers concluded it to be the Berenice laid down by D'Arville, as it nearly agreed with the situation marked on his map. They determined to examine it most minutely. They measured the town, and took the plan of the temple, which was built of soft calcareous

earth, in the Egyptian style. Their grand difficulty was about the water; it was become so scarce that they had reason to dread remaining there the whole of the next day. The nearest well was a day's journey distant. Notwithstanding their excessive thirst, they were determined to endure it, rather than give up their project; and being moonlight, they devoted the hour of rest to an examination of the place.

BERNARD.—How very much tired, and how very hungry they must have been! They had only taken some biscuit and water for a long time, except the fish which they found in the tents of the fishermen.

Mrs. A.—They contented themselves very well with respect to food, but their thirst was continually increasing; and their zemzabin, which, some days before, contained only three quarts, was nearly empty. However, that they might be perfectly sure of having actually reached Berenice, they persuaded the Scheik to go further with them, just to take a survey of the country; and to leave the rest of the people where they were in the mean time. Before they departed they set little Mussa to dig near the temple.

BERNARD.—Little Mussa, mamma; who was he?

Mrs. A.—One of the boys who had been brought with them from Gournou. He was to dig in the temple; he had no spade, poor fellow! but as it was only soft sand, a shell or caquille supplied the place of one.

EMILY.—I remember that two boys joined the caravan at Gournou, to take care of the luggage, and I suppose he was one of them.

Mrs. A.—Proceeding onwards, they saw nothing but an extensive plain to the foot of the mountain that formed the cape on the south; they had telescopes, but could see no sort of elevation, or any thing else that could lead them to imagine there were any remains of habitations. They therefore returned to the town, and found that the boy had excavated about four feet of sand, near one corner of the temple, and to their surprise discovered that it was Egyptian. They had imagined that it was erected by the Greeks. The walls were adorned with sculpture and hieroglyphics, and they carried a small marble slab away as a memento.

EMILY.—The little Massa had worked very well, I think, considering he had only a shell in the place of a spade.

Mrs. A.—The plain that surrounds this town

is very extensive, and partly covered with small plants of gunt and suvaroes.

OWEN.—We have heard of the gunt tree, but suvaroes is quite a new name. Will you describe it to us, mother?

Mrs. A.—It is a small tree, and its leaves resemble those of the laurel; it grows close to the salt water, and generally out of the rocks. Balzoni carefully examined the town, and counted the houses (of which there were two thousand), that he might not take a wrong report; and be mistaken for another Calid. This place being on the coast, was once a port of commerce with India. Having spent as much time there as they prudently could, they recommenced their journey towards the north-west, firmly intending at some future time to inspect the whole of the ruins:

OWEN.—To the north-west: then they are returning to Bone, I suppose? I hope they will fall in with some well, for they must be extremely thirsty by this time.

Mrs. A.—They left the spot on the evening of the same day, and after travelling some hours by moonlight, fortunately arrived at the well of Aharatret, a mountainous place, where the water was good to drink.

BERNARD.—What joy it must have given them! But their biscuits were nearly gone by this time, I should think?

Mrs. A.—Yes: however, they were agreeably surprised to find a few sheep around the well, as they hoped to be able to purchase one. They approached, intending to do so, when the guardian of the flock beat a forced march into the mountain, and drove the intended repast away from them. But they were not inclined to be deprived of what they could purchase; and they sent some of the drivers to follow the flock, which they willingly did, being as hungry as themselves. The fugitives were pursued and stopped. They reached the flock, and found that its guardians were two shepherd girls. The tawny coloured nymphs were surprised at the fountain by their pursuers, and took refuge on the mountains; but, unlike the fishermen on the coast of the Red Sea, or the people of Mainarty, they were easily persuaded to return, and allowed the hungry group to take one of their lambs. The caravan arrived at Sakiet Minor again in a few days, and thence proceeded to the valley of Wady el Gomal; after which it crossed a very wide sandy plain, and reached the entrance of the chain of mountains that leads to the Nile. Their



camels were by this time so much exhausted as to be scarcely able to go on; they had already lost three on the road. It is difficult for those who have never seen a desert to form a correct idea of one; it appears like an endless plain of sand and stones, without roads or shelter, without any sort of produce for food. The scattered trees and shrubs of thorns, that only appear when the rainy season leaves some moisture, barely serve to feed wild animals and a few birds. Every thing is left to nature. The springs of water are generally at the distance of four, six, or eight days' journey. One of these may perhaps happen to be dry, and then if the same dreadful calamity happen at the next well, which is so anxiously sought for by the wearied travellers, the misery of their situation cannot well be described.

BERNARD.—The camels are with them, you know, *mazima*.

MRS. A.—Although their only dependance is placed on these useful creatures, yet they themselves are sometimes so thirsty as to be unable to proceed. Their condition must be distressing, for it admits of no resource. Many perish the victims of insatiable thirst. It is in such a state that the value of a cup of cold water is really felt.

EMILY.—And what a prize a single zemzabie must be!

Mrs. A.—In these cases there is no distinction; if the master has none, the servant will not give it him: for very few are the instances in which a man will voluntarily lose his life to save that of another, particularly in a caravan in a desert, where the people are strangers to each other. What a situation for a man to be placed in! riches will avail nothing; he may perhaps be the owner of the caravan, and yet die on the desert for want of a cup of cold water! no one gives it to him; he offers all he possesses; no one hears him; they are all dying, though by walking a few miles farther they might be saved; the camels are lying down and will not attempt to rise; no one has strength to walk; only he who has so much as a glass of that liquid, which he would not part with for all the emeralds of Zubara, has any chance of living; and if he is enabled to crawl a mile farther, perhaps he dies too.

OWEN.—Oh, mamma, how dreadful! What a situation to be placed in! exposed to the burning sun, without water and without shelter, in the midst of a burning desert!

Mrs. A.—I believe the sufferings of those who

have experienced what it is, are the greatest a human being can sustain. The eyes grow inflamed; the tongue and lips swell; a hollow sound is heard in the ears; a faintness or languor takes away the power to move; some wandering tears escape from the eyes; the poor sufferer drops on the earth and becomes insensible: all these feelings arise from the want of a little water.

And now we will return to Belzoni.

EMILY.—Yes, mamma. We left him just entering the chain of mountains that leads to the Nile.

Mrs. A.—The caravan proceeded pretty much as before until it arrived on the banks of that river, and the freshness of its water made them sensible of its superiority over that of almost any other.

They went on board their little boat the same night, and set off for Esne.

BERNARD.—How did the country look, mamma? You know when they went up the Nile, almost all the land around was under water, and the poor people were standing about on the little islands, holding out their hands and imploring assistance. What a scene it must have been!

Mrs. A.—Although the water had only retired fifteen days, yet all the lands that were before overflowed were now not only dried up but actually planted ; the muddy villages carried off by the current were all rebuilt ; the fences opened ; the Fellahs at work in the fields ; the aspect was quite changed, and all presented a scene of industry and happiness.

They arrived at Esne in a day or two, and visited the Bey, who received them very politely, inquired about the mines, and was anxious to learn the result of their journey. They then set off again, and reached our well known Gour-nour after an absence of forty days.

CHAP. V.

“ MAMMA ! ” exclaimed Bernard, running into the breakfast room where his mother was seated, and throwing his straw-hat on the sofa, “ Do you know what I have been thinking about ? ”

“ Indeed, my dear, ” said Mrs. A., “ your employments are so various, and your thoughts are generally dependent upon them I suppose, that I feel at a loss to imagine.”

“Guess, mamma, guess!” exclaimed Bernard.

The kind mother endeavoured to gratify her little boy, and mentioned his garden—his donkey—his little telegraph—his favourite cherry-tree:—but all in vain.

“I have been thinking,” said he, “that when I am older I shall get Owen or papa to teach me how to swim, and that I shall fly my kite whilst I am in the water, as Dr. Franklin did when he was a boy. How do you approve of my plan?”

Mrs. A.—I own that I think some little danger would be attached to it, just at present however. Dr. Franklin was a native of Boston, in America, and was taught the practice of swimming when very young, so that he was particularly expert and skilful in this as in almost every other respect. But what led you to think of him now?

BERNARD.—Owen and I are just come from the park, where we have been flying our new kite; and Owen has been telling me how much pleased Dr. Franklin was with his new method of swimming. Do you remember it, mamma? He one day wished to amuse himself with his kite and to enjoy at the same time the pleasure of swimming, so he got into the water, and lying on his back, held the end of the string in

his hands and went along in such a delightful manner. I wish I had been Dr. Franklin! He engaged a boy to carry his clothes round the pond, to a place which he pointed out to him on the other side, whilst he in the mean time crossed the pond with his kite flying high in the air. Was it not a clever idea?

Mrs. A.—He managed to do two things at once, certainly. But I do not admire Dr. Franklin for his new mode of swimming only. He was clever whilst a boy, and when grown up became a very useful character, and rendered great services both to his own country and the world at large; however, I would advise you not to attempt to imitate him in the exploit that has pleased you so much, until you have acquired a little of his experience.

I can, if you please, tell you of another achievement performed by means of a kite.

“Pray do, dear mamma,” said Bernard, as he reached his little stool, and placed himself by the side of his mother.

Mrs. A.—You have perhaps heard of Pompey’s pillar.

BERNARD.—Yes, mamma. It is not far from Alexandria, the place at which Belzoni landed when he went to Egypt, and I suppose that this

column was erected to the memory of the great Roman warrior, as papa calls him. Pompey was killed as he was going to that country, you know, soon after he had stepped into the little bark. I wonder whether Achilles was sorry when he heard Cornelia shriek. Do you think he was, mother?

Mrs. A.—The feeling of humanity was a stranger to his bosom; but we will talk about that another time.

The column called Pompey's Pillar is one hundred and ten feet high; the monument in London is two hundred and two feet from the ground, so you may judge of the height of the former. It has suffered little or no injury from time. It is of the Corinthian order, which is at once simple and beautiful. The pedestal has been somewhat damaged by the instruments of travellers, who are anxious to possess a relic of this antiquity; and one of the volutes of the column was immaturely brought down a few years ago by the ingenuity of some English captains. So I have heard, however; I cannot vouch for the truth of my story farther than the authority of the traveller who relates it.*

BERNARD.—Go on, mamma. I want to know how they managed to procure one of the volutes.

* Irwin.

I suppose that it had not steps within it, as the monument has: and pray when was it built?

Mrs. A.—Pompey was killed in 706. The time of the erection of the pillar is scarcely known, but it was named after him in the fifteenth century, when learning began to revive from a torpid state in which it had long languished, and men of science bestowed names on all the monuments.

A strange fancy entered the thoughts of one of those seamen as they were coasting about in the harbour of Alexandria, and the eccentricity of the idea caused it to be immediately adopted, for its apparent impossibility only made them the more anxious to put it into execution. And now, Bernard, perhaps you may be as long in discovering their scheme as I was in guessing that your thoughts were employed about Dr. Franklin.

Bernard.—I believe it has something to do with Pompey's pillar: perhaps they intended to mount it, mamma; but how they could possibly contrive to do so, I am sure I cannot tell.

Mrs. A.—They ordered out the boat, and with proper implements pushed ashore, intending to drink a bowl of punch on the top of it. They

arrived at the spot, and many contrivances were proposed to accomplish the desired project.

But their labour was vain ; and they began to despair of success, when the genius who struck out the frolic happily suggested the means of performing it.

A man was despatched to the city for a paper kite. The inhabitants were by this time apprized of what was going forward and flocked in crowds to be witnesses of the address and boldness of the English. The governor of Alexandria was told that some sailors were about to pull down Pompey's pillar ; however, he politely left them to themselves, saying that the English were too great patriots to injure the remains of Pompey. The kite was brought, and the wind being in the right direction, it flew so directly over the pillar that when it fell on the other side the string lodged upon the capital.

BERNARD.—Clever, clever people! Who besides could have thought of such a plan! I foresee what is coming! They will be up in a minute or two!

Mrs. A.—The chief obstacle was now overcome. A thick rope was tied to one end of the string and drawn over the column by the end to

which the kite was fixed. By this rope one of the sailors ascended to the top (sailors are used to run up the shrouds you know, and this was somewhat similar); in less than an hour a kind of rope ladder was constructed, by which the whole company went up, amidst the shouts and claps of the astonished multitude.

BERNARD.—How delightful to be a sailor! Sailors can do such wonderful things! And what a useful kite!

MRS. A.—To the eye below, the capital of the pillar does not appear capable of holding more than one man upon it; but our seamen found it could contain no less than eight persons very conveniently.

EMILY.—Did no accident happen, mamma? I should have thought that looking down from such a height would have made them giddy.

BERNARD.—You forget that they were sailors, Emily, and used to look down from the tall, tall masts. But did they do the pillar any injury, mamma?

MRS. A.—The only one was the loss of the volute I mentioned before, which descended with a thundering sound, and was brought to England by one of the captains. They reported that one foot and an angle of a statue were still

remaining upon the monument, probably of Pompey himself.

BERNARD.—Do you believe the account you have given us to be true?

Mrs. A.—I cannot say that I am sure such a thing did really and actually happen. I can only depend on what I have heard from others. But the adventurers themselves have left a memento of the fact, by the initials of their names painted in large black letters just beneath the capital.

BERNARD.—Well, it is a very amusing anecdote, mamma! Kites are very ingenious—as ingenious as the *somebody* who thought of the plan: and I like my own pretty kite that Edward gave me far better than any other. Without kites, they could never have got to the top of Pompey's pillar.

EMILY.—You know, mother, that Belzoni was at Alexandria. Did he see it?

Mrs. A.—I cannot tell, my dear; I do not recollect that he mentions it: but he was at Alexandria more than once, for he took the obelisk thither which he discovered in the island of Philoe.

EMILY.—Do, dear mamma, tell us something about that obelisk: I was quite interested to

know what became of it. Belzoni left it in the island of Philoe, on his return from Ybsambul, and gave the Aga four dollars to pay a guard for it till he could procure a boat to convey it down the Nile.

OWEN.—The obelisk was lying among several blocks of stones: it was made of granite, and was twenty-two feet long. Go on, if you please, mother.

Mrs. A.—I dare say you recollect that we left Belzoni at Gournou. He did not remain there very long, but went up the Nile to Assouan.

EMILY.—Here is the old town of Assouan; it stands on a hill which overhangs the river, and is on the opposite side of the Nile to the first Cataract, and Philoe is in the Nile between them.

Mrs. A.—Belzoni went to this island to take a view of the bank, where he had to embark the obelisk. In a few days he set the men to work, and procured a boat to put it in. The greatest difficulty seemed to be to persuade the captain to have the boat launched down the Cataract, which it necessarily must be, with the obelisk on board. However, the promise of a handsome present procured an assurance that he

forget that he generally succeeded in whatever he undertook: he often proved the truth of mamma's motto, "*Labour conquers all!*"

Mrs. A.—The obelisk was still peeping a little above the water. The labourers were of various humours: some were sorry, not for the obelisk, which was no loss to them, but for the loss of what they might have gained in future operations, by passing it down the Cataract: others were laughing, probably at the evident disappointment expressed in the countenance of our friend. Some went one way, and some another; and he remained alone, absorbed in thought, and contemplating the little part that projected out of the water.

EMILY.—And now, I suppose, he began to reflect and to see the possibility of taking the obelisk up again. I hope he will contrive a good plan, and put it into execution.

Mrs. A.—He reflected, indeed, that he was as badly off as he had been with Young Memnon, in being destitute of any instruments; and that the palm-leaf ropes which he had with him were broken, and old, and of little use.

OWEN.—That was very unfortunate! Could he get none any where?

Mrs. A.—He soon made up his mind to have

Belzoni's Travels.

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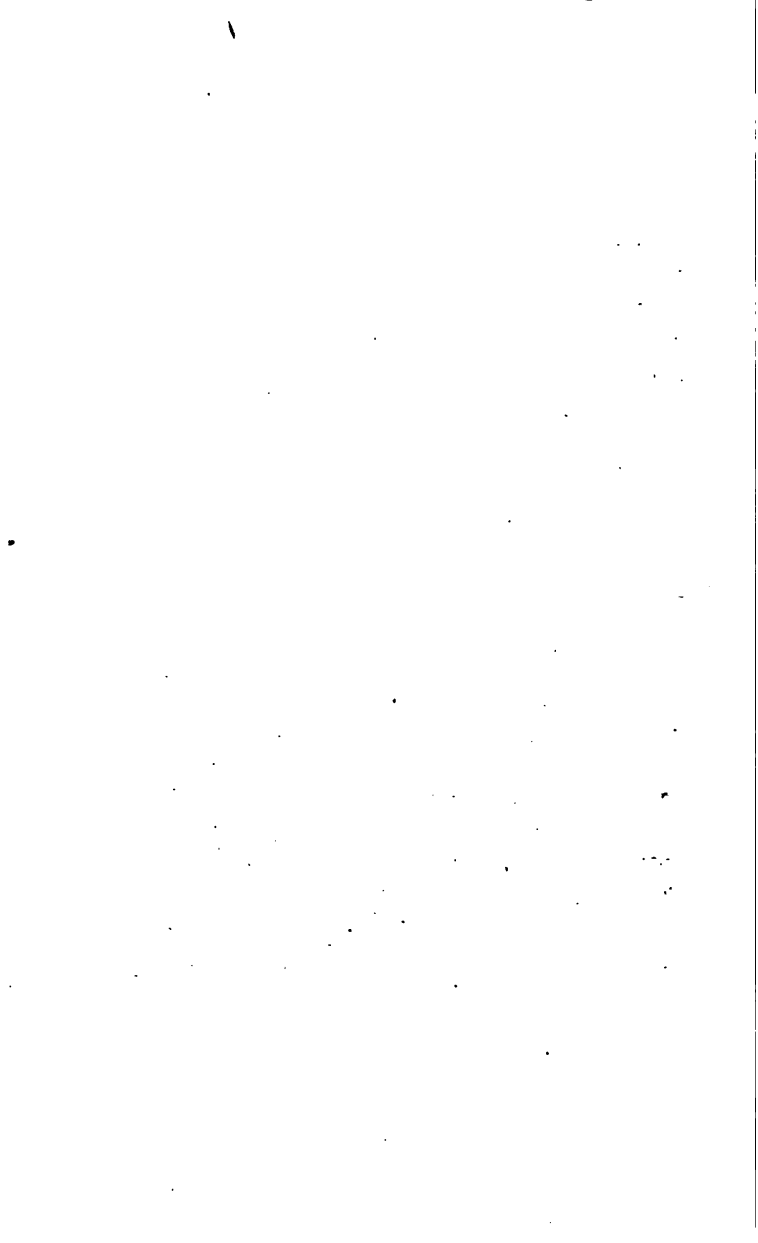


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the obelisk taken up at all events; and accordingly ordered the men to come the next morning, and sent to Assouan to procure some new ropes for the purpose.

EMILY.—Will you tell us, dear mamma, in what manner this mighty operation was performed, for I cannot imagine!

MRS. A.—The labourers were excellent watermen, and could bear the water the whole day without difficulty; so Belzoni had the advantage in this respect. The following morning the work commenced. Several men entered the river, and made a great heap of stones on the side of the obelisk opposite to the shore.

OWEN.—That was to form a bed for the levers to rest upon, I suppose.

MRS. A.—Yes: he then placed the levers under the obelisk, so that by their pressure it was forced to turn round upon its axis.

OWEN.—But I do not understand how the men could put down the levers under water as they do on shore.

MRS. A.—They could not, certainly, my love; but, by seating themselves on the extremity of the long pieces of wood, the pressure of their own weight produced the effect.

OWEN.—Then you mean that one end of the long poles, called the levers, passed under the obelisk, and the other ends of them rested upon the rock of stones; and so the men seated themselves on those ends, and thus caused the obelisk to turn gently round, and round, and round, until it reached the dry ground.

Mrs. A.—Exactly so. Two ropes were also passed under it, and the men on shore pulled the two ends of these ropes with all their might. At the side where the levers were some good divers were stationed, who were ready to put large stones under the obelisk as it rose, that it might not return to its former situation.

OWEN.—I can fancy how busy they all looked. The men at the ropes were pulling with all their strength; those on the rock were rising and sitting, to make the levers act; and the divers were placing stone after stone, whilst the obelisk was gradually rising and moving round at each turn by its own weight. So they go on, until, to Belzoni's great joy, he beholds it once more on *terra firma*.

Mrs. A.—Where it was in the course of two days; but another difficulty awaits it before it reaches Alexandria.

EMILY.—And that is descending the Cataract, I expect. You were saying something about its being launched.

OWEN.—You forget, Emily, that it is not yet embarked.

BERNARD.—Pray tell us, mamma, how that was done. Belzoni will make no deceitful piers again, I dare say.

Mrs. A.—This operation was performed by means of a bridge of palm trees, thrown from across the boat to the land under the obelisk, which was then turned on the bridge, and placed on board; when in the centre of the boat the trees were moved from under it; and no sooner was this done than the party set off with the obelisk, to have it ready to be launched down the Cataract the next morning.

OWEN.—I want to know how this dangerous operation was performed. I hope that it will not fall into the Nile again.

Mrs. A.—It had to descend the greatest fall of water in the Cataract. When the inundation is half high in the Nile, it is a column of water about three hundred yards in length, which falls among rocks and stones projecting in various directions. The boat was brought to the margin of the cascade; a strong rope, or rather a small

cable, was fastened to a large tree, the end of which was passed through the beams of the boat, so as to be slackened or stopped at pleasure. In the boat there were only five men; and on the rocks on each side of the cascade a number of others in various places, with ropes attached to the boat, so as to put it either one side or other, as it required, to prevent its running against the stones; for you know if it had been touched ever so slightly, with such a weight on board, and in such a rapid stream, the boat would probably have been dashed to pieces.

OWEN.—But I thought that the rope Belzoni had got from Assouan was strong enough to stop it in its course, in case it should be in danger of running against a rock.

Mrs. A.—It was only sufficient to check it; and you forget that when the boat was moving so rapidly, an attempt to *stop* its progress would make the water run in and sink it in a moment. Under these circumstances, all depended upon the dexterity of the men who were posted in various parts to pull or slacken as necessity required. Belzoni did not fail to use all the persuasion possible, and the wild people, as he calls them, were upon this occasion as careful as so many pilots. The Reis, or owner of the boat,

was in great distress, thinking it would certainly be lost.

EMILY.—Then was he present, mamma?

MRS. A.—Yes: he had engaged his vessel merely because it happened that his trade failed; but when he saw the danger it was in, he cried like a child, and begged Belzoni would relinquish his project and return his boat to him in safety.

OWEN.—How foolish to cry like a child. I hope Belzoni paid no regard to his distress.

MRS. A.—Tears were certainly useless, but we must remember that his livelihood, poor fellow, depended on his boat. When he saw it on the point of being launched, he threw himself with his face to the ground, and did not rise till it was out of danger. When all was ready, Belzoni gave the signal to slacken the cable.

OWEN.—I wish I had been there, mamma. It must have been such a grand sight.

MRS. A.—The boat moved forwards with great rapidity. The men on land slackened the rope, and it continued its course till it reached the bottom of the cataract.

BERNARD.—(*clapping his hands.*)—I am glad of it, mamma! I am glad of it! I like Belzoni to receive the reward of his labour! How de-

lighted the poor Reis must have been! I dare say he did not lie on the ground any longer.

Mrs. A.—Oh, no, he went full of joy to congratulate himself and Belzoni. The workmen altogether seemed pleased at the good success of the attempt, even independently of the interest they might derive from it. This was gratifying to our antiquary, for it is not very often that such feelings enter the bosoms of the Arabs.

Having only two or three places of little danger to pass, they arrived safely at Assouan on the same day. Belzoni immediately prepared to depart from thence to Thebes; he quitted the boat, travelled by land, and took up his old residence at the tombs in Beban el Malook.

EMILY.—But what became of the obelisk? I thought it was going to Alexandria.

Mrs. A.—It proceeded to Luxor.

EMILY.—Just by Thebes, mamma.

Mrs. A.—And from thence to Rosetta, where it remained some time.

BERNARD.—You say that Belzoni took up his residence in Beban el Malook. I am afraid he forgot that it was settled for him to go to Jerusalem to join poor Mrs. Belzoni.

Mrs. A.—No, he had not forgotten. He had

written to tell her that he could not go into Syria, and she had in consequence returned from Jerusalem, and now waited to welcome his arrival in the valley.

I once told you, as you perhaps recollect, that the entrance into the newly discovered tomb was situated under a small torrent of water, which, when it rains, runs into it. This is not often the case in Egypt, but it so happened that whilst Belzoni was absent up the Nile it did rain, and consequently the water ran into his tomb, carrying with it a great deal of mud, and damaging some of the figures. However, this disaster could not be remedied. Belzoni completed his models and drawings, and with some difficulty removed the great sarcophagus and put it into a strong case. The place it had to pass to reach the Nile was rather uneven for more than two miles, but it was conveyed on rollers, and put safely on board; and our traveller was now about to bid a final adieu to Thebes.

Before he embarked he retraced the scenes which had yielded him so much delight; he paid a melancholy visit to the magnificent remains of ancient grandeur; gazed for the last time upon the temples and columns which have triumphed over the corroding influence of the universal

ravages; and beheld the valley, the place in which his labours had been crowned with so much success, with painful feelings and mingled emotions of pleasure and regret. He left the spot so long known, and so long endeared to him, in January 1819, and arrived in Cairo the following month. At this place they stopped only a few days, and continued their voyage to Rosetta, where, taking the obelisk with them, they re-embarked on board a djerm, and arrived in the course of a short time at Alexandria, whence they intended to take a passage for Europe.

BERNARD.—(*looking very mournful.*)—And now mamma, all our pleasure is ended! Belzoni is really going back to England, and we shall hear of his adventures no more!

MRS. A.—They did not quit Alexandria immediately, and if you please we may yet accompany our friend in another journey that he took to visit a temple in the western Desert: we have not yet been on that side of the Nile.

EMILY.—Will you shew me the situation of that temple upon the map, Laura, and tell me why Belzoni went there?

LAURA.—The temple of Jupiter Ammon had been an object of search for a long time, and by more than one traveller, but the true spot where

it existed had not yet been fixed upon, and to discover this, as well as to visit some pyramids, and search for the famous Labyrinth, presented grand attractions to Belzoni.

EMILY.—Why was the temple dedicated to Jupiter Ammon ?

LAURA.—Because Jupiter Ammon was one of the Gods in the Egyptian mythology. He was worshipped under the figure of a ram.

MRS. A.—Having left Mrs. Belzoni in Rosetta, our traveller took a small boat and proceeded to Benisoeuf, where he arrived in nine days.

EMILY.—My finger is following him up the Nile, and now it stops at Benisoeuf, a long way south of Cairo. Who accompanied Belzoni, mamma ?

MRS. A.—A servant and a Moorish Hadge who was just returned from Mecca, and begged to be allowed to join him. At Benisoeuf they procured donkeys to take them as far as the Lake Mœris. They set off on the same day, and directed their course through a large plain of cultivated land, of corn, and other products of the country. This plain was all under water at the time of the inundation, excepting the scattered villages which appeared like little islands as I have before described. A few miles from the

Nile the mountains on the west are but low: They open and form a valley into a province called the Faioum; and it was at this entrance our party arrived on the first night of their journey.

BERNARD.—Did they sleep on the sand, mamma?

MRS. A.—They took their station under some date-trees near a canal that passes through the valley about two miles from the first pyramid. Here, after a little repast, Belzoni went to sleep on his usual bed, a mattress thin enough to serve as a saddle when folded up, but forming, when laid on the soft ground, as comfortable a bed as he could desire. The servant, the Hadge, and the donkey drivers kept watch in their turn, and this plan was pursued during the whole of the journey.

BERNARD.—What do you mean by the Hadge, mamma? It is a curious name.

MRS. A.—It signifies pilgrim; you may remember that he was just returned from Mecca.

The next morning Belzoni again set off, and soon arrived at the pyramid. He found it was composed of burnt bricks, and about sixty feet in height, affording a fine prospect from the top. Our party then continued along the hills till

they were opposite another pyramid of about the same size, surrounded by smaller tombs, and the remains of a magnificent Egyptian temple. The whole country was very fertile, and interspersed with plantations of fruit trees and roses.

EMILY.—What, do roses grow in Egypt! I did not know that before.

Mrs. A.—This place is celebrated for the making of rose-water, which is sold in Cairo, and all over the country, for the use of the great people, who continually keep their apartments sprinkled with it, and present it also to any stranger who visits them.

OWEN.—I remember that when you were talking of the customs of the Egyptians, you told us that a slave generally carries a silver plate in which essences are burning, to perfume the beard and sprinkle the visitors with them. I suppose they use rose-water procured from the roses that grow in the valley around the Faioum.

Mrs. A.—Next morning a soldier joined the party as guide, and they advanced towards the lake Mœris, but arrived only at Senures that night, a village ten miles from it.

EMILY.—How very convenient maps are, mamma; I can trace their route so well. Here is Benisœuf on the Nile, where they hired

the donkeys; and here is the chain of mountains, and a space left for the entrance between them into the Faloum; they have only just to cross this province to reach Birket Keroum, as the lake is called on the map; the pyramids themselves are marked, and I believe I know the very spot where the rose trees grow, and the roses blow; but not to

"Waste their sweetness on the desert air."

Go on, dear mamma.

Mrs. A.—Leaving Senures the following morning, they proceeded on their journey, and after passing through several groves of palm-trees, the view opened all at once on a wild country gradually sloping to the edge of the lake. The water extended some way on each side, and the mountains opposite had an awful and steril appearance: At noon they reached the lake, but could observe no trace of any living being. The guide conducted them along the shore, till they arrived at a fisherman's hut situated near the place where the canal discharges itself into the lake. The hut was inhabited by a few poor fishermen, and the guide sent one of them for a boat, the only one to be had, but the shabbiest thing imaginable. It was composed of rough pieces of wood scarcely joined, and fastened by four other



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pieces, wrapped together by four more across, which formed the deck : no tar, no pitch, either inside or out, and the only preventive against the water coming in was a kind of weed moistened, which had settled in the joints of the wood. However, there was no alternative : Belzoni wished to cross the lake, and he was obliged to submit to what he could not help. He stepped in, and they advanced towards the west ; as evening came on the plantations and groves disappeared, the lake and the mountains alone remained in sight, and when they reached the shore, the owner of the boat, who accompanied them as pilot, lighted a fire, whilst the others went out to fish with a net, and soon returned with a supper of fish.

The land where they now were had formerly been cultivated, as there appeared many stumps of palm and other trees, and around them wild vines twined their luxuriant tendrils in profusion. The scene here was beautiful : the silence of the night ; the beams of the radiant moon shining on the calm surface of the crystal lake ; the solitude of the place ; the group of fishermen ; the little fire ; altogether formed a picture which Belzoni had never before in reality wit-

nessed, though I know not how often his lively imagination had painted such a scene.

However morning came: they entered their shattered vessel, which nevertheless conveyed them safely till they arrived near the end of the lake, where they landed, and set off for the temple of Haron, about three miles distant, standing in the midst of the ruins of a town, and surrounded by fragments of columns and other temples. Part of the town was covered with sand; on one side of it there was something like a gateway, and a little way off a Greek chapel, elevated on a platform with cellars under it. After having taken a proper view of the temple and the town, Belzoni went to see this small Greek chapel, accompanied by the two boatmen; and not apprehending any danger, left his gun and pistols in the temple; but he now nearly suffered for his thoughtlessness: for just as he was mounting the little steps that led to the platform of the chapel, a large and furious hyena rushed from the apartments beneath; stopped three or four yards from him, howled dreadfully, and then turned round as if determined to attack him.

BERNARD.—Oh, mamma, now he is lost! he is lost!

Mrs. A.—No, he was not lost, my love, for he is in London at the present time.

The fierce animal appeared on second thoughts to relinquish its intent, gave a hideous roar, and galloped away as fast as it could.

OWEN.—I wish I had been there: it should never have escaped in that way. I would have shot it in a moment!

BERNARD.—But Belzoni had no pistol with him, you know; I, for my part, think that it was a very dreadful adventure, and I am glad I was not in his place. I dare say Achilles, when he killed Pompey, would have been terrified had he heard that ravenous hyena set up its horrid roar, though he paid no regard to the shrieks of Cornelia.

What made it give up the attempt? do you think, mamma?

Mrs. A.—Belzoni attributed its flight to the noise made by the two boatmen who were near at the time.

Having surveyed the temple, and escaped other dangers, he returned with his attendants to the boat, and they were wafted back by a high wind to the spot they had left in the morning. They there collected plenty of wood, made a fire, and

passed the night under shelter of a mat hung over two sticks planted in the ground.

Belzoni had heard that the situation of the labyrinth was on the west side of the lake Mœris, and he employed the few following days in making diligent researches in that part in hopes of finding some remains of it: but in vain, for not the smallest appearance of an edifice was to be seen.

BERNARD.—What do you mean by the labyrinth, mamma? Papa calls the new shrubbery a labyrinth because there are so many little paths in it. Was the labyrinth Belzoni wished to discover like ours?

MRS. A.—No: it was not a shrubbery; but a celebrated building, apparently designed as a pantheon of all the Egyptian gods that were worshipped in the provinces. This astonishing edifice contained no less than three thousand chambers, fifteen hundred of which were subterraneous, and set apart either for the sepulchre of the kings, or for the abodes of the sacred crocodiles. The passages were so numerous and intricate, the doors and entrances so many, the galleries and lobbies so extensive and almost innumerable, that it well deserved the designa-

tion of *labyrinth*, which word implies a place formed with inextricable windings.

BERNARD.—Oh, mamma! What a delightful place it would have been for hide and seek!

OWEN.—(*laughing.*)—You would have hid to some purpose indeed, Bernard, for you would never have been found from that time to this!

MRS. A.—Belzoni failed in his endeavours to discover this wonderful structure; but as it was not of great height, the lower apartments being underground, he concluded that it was probably buried by the earth which is yearly brought there by the water of the Nile. He had no doubt but it was somewhere there, from the number of stones, columns, and other relics of antiquity that were scattered about, some on the road, some in the houses of the Arabs, and others used in the erection of huts: all implying that some magnificent and splendid building had fallen to ruins. Having given up the attempt as fruitless, our enterprizing traveller prepared for his journey into the Elloah on the west: accordingly he went to see Hussuff Bey, and to request he would procure a Bedouin guide to conduct him through the desert; he said that the Bedouins were all encamped in that part of the province which was subject to Khalil Bey.

HARLY.—I thought that our good old friend Khalil Bey lived at Esne, and had the government of the Upper Provinces between that place and Assuan.

Mrs. A.—He had left Esne and now resided at Benisouf. Belzoni learned that the Bedonins were encamped about ten miles distant; he set off immediately, hoping to gain some information from them respecting the Elloth, on the west: but was disappointed, for none of them knew any thing about it; however, they told him that one of their Schicks, who lived in a camp a little way off, had a daughter married to one of the Schicks of the Elloth. Belzoni fancied that this said Schick would accompany him thither. He remained all night at the camp, and set off in the morning; for the Nile again. He passed through bowers of trees, with which, as I have said before, they make the rose-water; the cotton plant was quite abundant, and figs were so plentiful that the people dried them in the sun and sent them to Cairo. It was night when they arrived on the banks of the Nile.

BERNARD.—Belzoni unfolded his saddle and slept on the ground again, I suppose?

Mrs. A.—Yes: and as soundly as you sleep

upon a pillow of down; he was become so accustomed to inconvenient things as not to regard them. He proceeded on his journey the next morning, and went to see Khalil Bey, who was now commander of Benisœuf. He was, as he had been before, very polite, and glad to render his friend any service in his power. Belzoni informed him that he wished to penetrate into the western desert; he directly complied with his request, and sent for the Scheik or chief of the Bedouins. But the Scheik was not so punctual as Khalil, and did not arrive for two or three days; indeed, when he did come he protested that he was unable to show him the road to the place he wished to visit. The Bey insisted that he should find some one in his camp who knew the road, which he of course promised to do, and it was agreed that Belzoni should meet Scheik Grumar at a village at the foot of the desert, whence he was to conduct him to the Elloah.

EMILY.—Is the name of that village Sedmia el Djabel, mamma? Such a place is marked on the map.

Mrs. A.—It is, my dear: there the Bedouins were encamped, and among them Scheik-Grumar, a tall stout man, six feet high, with a stern

countenance, which bespoke a resolute mind and a sort of authority over those whom he considered beneath him.

OWEN.—Oh, what a fierce looking fellow :— just right for a Scheik !

BERNARD.—Da, mamma, tell us who the Bedouins are, and something about them.

Mrs. A.—Most willingly. They are a tribe of Arabs who live a wandering life without any settled habitation, but completely different from that of the Arabs of Egypt in general. They are divided into a great number of tribes, and distinguished by the names of their chiefs. Each tribe forms a sort of village, and each family has a tent or portable hut of its own. Their tents consist of four sticks set in the ground, about a yard in height, to which is fastened one of their shawls as a cover, with another behind, so as to form a kind of shelter from the sun, wind, or dew. They generally pitch their camps in a fertile spot, but always at the foot of the mountains near the deserts.

OWEN.—A very good plan, and then in case of surprise they may soon be in their native country.

Mrs. A.—The men commonly wear a dark brown bgracap, which covers them from head to

foot. The women are likewise covered with a thick woollen garment, folded around them in an elegant manner.

BERNARD.—A baracan! What is that, mamma?

MRS. A.—A sort of large woollen shawl, which constitutes the chief manufacture among the Arabs. The work is done by the women, who make no use of the shuttle, but conduct every thread with their fingers, and then with a machine they have in their hands, not unlike a wooden comb, press down each thread as they lay it across.

EMILY.—The people of Mainarty use no shuttle, and I dare say they never heard of one, or they would not go without such a useful thing.

What other employments have the Bedouins, mamma?

MRS. A.—The young boys and girls attend the flocks; the husband is engaged in tilling the ground, and the wife grinding at the mill, working at the loom, or dressing provisions. Their tents are not very sumptuous within; they are generally raised from the sand, which without any preparation serves for the floor of the apartment.

OWEN.—Then when any one rises from this

soft floor, with his large heavy flowing baracan, he must raise a cloud of dust enough to eclipse the whole family.

Mrs. A.—When the Bedouins wish to converse they do not sit at their ease, as we do, upon sofas or chairs, without any ceremony, but place themselves in a formal circle on the ground: the man who speaks first makes a smooth place with his hand on the sand, and continues the conversation with his fingers, making spots, and strokes, and points, as required. When they meet each other, they exclaim, “*Salem Alieke,*” “Peace be with you,” clapping at the same time the right hand on the heart.

EMILY.—Well, I would rather be a wandering Bedouin than one of the independent Ababde!

Now will you return to Belzoni.

OWEN.—Do, mamma. He was just arrived at the camp of the Bedouins, which made us wish to know who they were: and the proud Scheik Grumar was going to attend him through the desert. Did they ride upon donkeys or upon camels?

Mrs. A.—They exchanged their donkeys for the latter, and advanced towards the west, passed through several rocky valleys, and slept

the first night under a sand bank: the second night the foliage of some palm trees afforded them shelter; and in the morning, continuing their course, they came to a wide open plain of sand and stones, with several heaps piled above the rest. These were tumuli, but nothing of the temple of Jupiter Ammen was to be seen. They went on until at noon they saw a high hill at a distance, and soon after the guide pointed out the rocks of the Elloah. In the afternoon to their great joy they saw two crows—

BERNARD.—Two crows! What of that? We can see plenty of crows every day in the grove.

Mrs. A.—Had you been in Belzoni's place you might have been equally rejoiced, for the appearance of these birds was a sure sign that water was not far off, a great treat to the traveller in a hot sandy desert.

EMILY.—You have mentioned the Elloah several times, mamma: what do you mean by it?

Mrs. A.—It is a valley surrounded by high rocks, which form a spacious plain of twelve miles long, almost covered with sand; some small hills, overgrown with rushes and other plants, are scattered here and there, and the temple of which Belzoni was in search was supposed to have been in or near this spot. Our

travellers advanced towards a forest of date trees, situated near a village named Zaboo, and all of them were exceedingly thirsty. Before the camels arrived they scented the water at some distance, and set off at full gallop, without stopping till they reached a rivulet, where, having alighted for a short time to allow the camels to drink, Belzoni observed a certain uneasiness in the manner of Scheik Grumar, for which he did not know how to account.

OWEN.—Had he been an Arab of Gournou, I should have thought that some bad design had entered his head : but he was an honest Bedouin you know. I want to hear what reason he had for behaving so. Go on, if you please, mamma.

Mrs. A.—Belzoni went farther down the rivulet to drink too, and after having watered the camels, they were about to proceed slowly towards the village ; but no sooner were they mounted than they heard some one calling to them, and at the same moment a man rushed out of the bushes with a gun, and put himself into an attitude as if to fire upon them.

OWEN.—Some plot of Scheik Grumar's, for certain ! Pray who was that man ?

Mrs. A.—His appearance was not very terrifying, nor did his dress bespeak him to be a

Belzoni's Travels.

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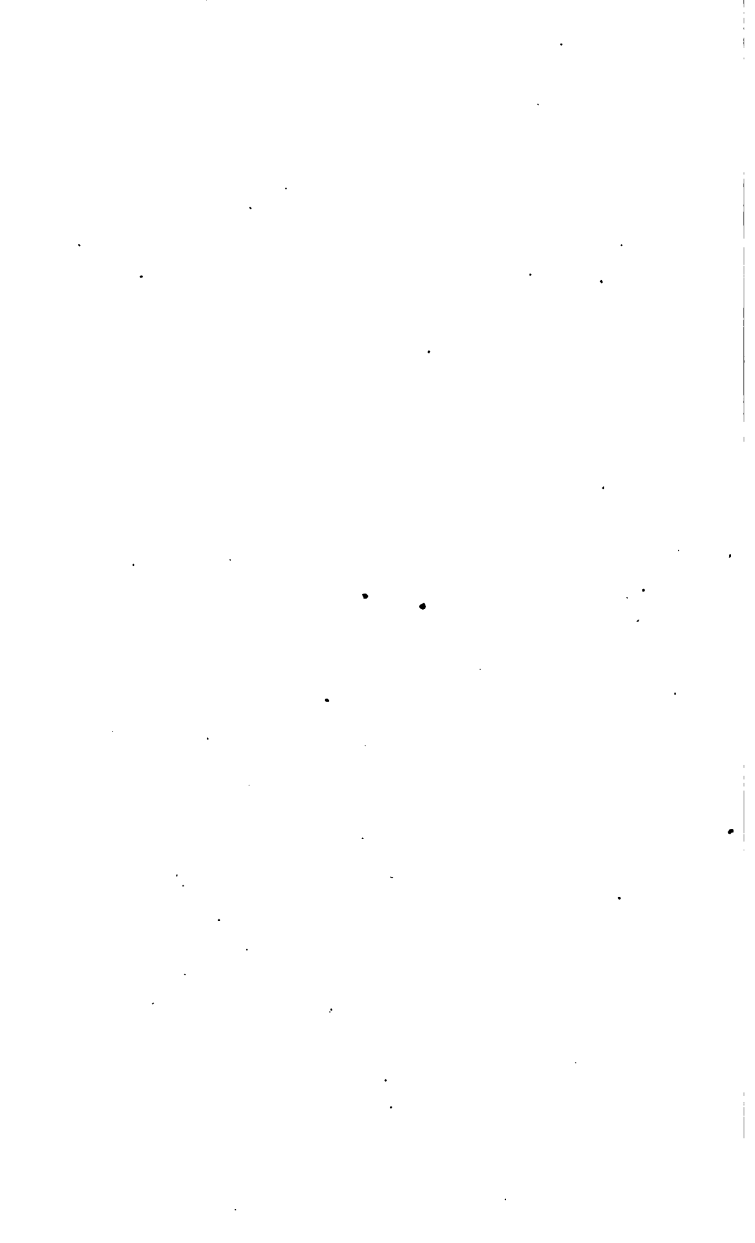


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person of much consequence. He was not more than four feet high, of a chocolate colour (as the Bedouins generally are), and covered with a black woollen cloth. The Scheik immediately dismounted, speaking to him in the Arabic dialect. The man recognized him, and Belzoni was pleased to observe they appeared friendly towards each other. The man was anxious to learn of whom the party consisted: the guide told him that they were people in search of old stones; to which he replied that no one ever came there to seek for old stones, and he did not know what the Scheiks of Zaboo, the village to which they were going, would think of it; he said also that he had intended to shoot Belzoni while he was kneeling to drink at the spring.

OWEN.—What an escape! Scheik Grumar was of some use, for you know, mamma, if that mysterious little man had not recognized him, he might have carried his design into execution.

MRS. A.—They continued to advance towards Zaboo, and the man began to walk before them; but when they had nearly reached the village, he ran off as fast as he could into a wood of palm-trees. Our travellers now entered a valley,

which formed a most pleasing contrast to the barren scenes of the desert, for it was full of date and palm-trees, some covered with blossom, and others loaded with fruit; apricots scented the air with their mellow fragrance; figs, almonds, and grapes grew in profusion; the ground was covered with verdure, and here and there a spot of cultivated land was seen waving with rice. On their approaching a wide place, the guide halted and desired them to wait till his return; he walked on, and Belzoni perceived that he went into a kind of habitation at some distance.

OWEN.—I am sure if I had been Belzoni I would never have waited there at the pleasure of Scheik Grumar.

Mrs. A.—The poor Scheik seems no favourite of yours, perhaps you will alter your mind presently,

Half an hour passed and he did not return: Belzoni inquired of the drivers where the guide was gone; they replied they did not know. Another hour passed, no Scheik appeared; Belzoni was tired of waiting, and set off with his gun towards the place which he had seen the guide enter, but before he reached the spot he heard the voice of men, women, and children; and when he came nearer he saw a

wall enclosing a great many houses, and just within the gates there was a yard, in which were assembled all the chiefs of the villages, and many others, sitting on the ground, debating whether or not the strangers should be admitted, and the guide very busy in persuading them that they were but harmless people, and only come there to look after old stones.

OWEN.—My opinion is changed, mamma. I did not much like the conduct of the Scheik at first, but it seems he wished to make friends with the inhabitants of Zaboo, and that he was a brave fellow after all. I will not form a judgment so soon another time.

MRS. A.—Endeavour to adhere to your resolution, my dear boy; for it is not wise to form an unfavourable opinion upon too slight a foundation.

On the arrival of Belzoni, their whole attention was turned towards him, and a perfect silence ensued. He walked straight forward, when they all rose without speaking a word, and gazed upon him in wonder and astonishment. He inquired who was their Scheik, when his guide pointed out three or four old men, telling him they were the Scheiks of the place. Belzoni

shook hands with them; some of the people received him with good-humour, and others went away murmuring. They inquired what he wanted. He told them he was a stranger, and merely came to visit the place, as he expected to find some stones belonging to his ancestors, and hoped they should be friends. At the same time he sent his guide to fetch the camels, and on their arrival ordered coffee to be made. A fine carpet was spread upon the ground, and they became sociable by degrees: in a short time the rest of the village had assembled: cows, camels, sheep, donkeys, men, women, and children, all gazing upon him in amazement.

EMILY.—The people had never seen a Frank before, I dare say.

Mrs. A.—They were acquainted with Turks and other tribes of Arabs, but had never seen a Christian. They told Belzoni that he would see nothing there, but must go somewhere else; it seemed that they did not like the thought of his searching for stones. However they gave him a large bowl of rice for his supper, and he lighted a wax candle, which surprised them very much, as they had never seen a candle before; but they used him rather shabbily, for without say-

ing a single word they all rose up and walked off with the candle, leaving him in the dark, with his carpet and saddle to sleep on. This circumstance did not disturb his repose, and the next morning, after some little difficulty, and many assurances that stones and not treasures were the objects of his search, Belzoni set off through a thick wood of palm-trees, and traversed many sandy plains, barren deserts, ruined edifices, and old towns ; but no temple of Jupiter Ammon was to be seen, and he returned half in despair to Zaboo.

EMILY.—Did he proceed from thence to the Nile, mamma?

MRS. A.—Not immediately. By this time the inhabitants of the village of El Casser, which is only separated from Zaboo by a high rock, were informed that a stranger had arrived there in search of treasure. They were all in an uproar immediately, and protested that he should never enter their village.

BERNARD.—How mortifying! What did Belzoni do?

MRS. A.—A man who lived half way between the two villages, and occasionally reported what was passing from one to the other, came to Bel-

zoni and said there was a very large temple in the other village, which excited his curiosity; so he got the man to take a message from him to the Scheik and Cady, and tell them that he came to the Elloah to visit them; that he was not a soldier, and that they would gratify him by appointing a place where they might meet him the next morning. He then returned to the village, and the man to his habitation on the side of the rock.

EMILY.—I hope the Scheik and the Cady of El Cascar were pleased with Belzoni's message, and gave him a kind reception.

MRS. A.—The next morning our friend was informed that these two great people were coming towards Zaboo. He of course thought it favourable intelligence, and hastened to meet them. The Scheik of the Elloah came first; he was a good-natured looking man, on horseback, dressed in red striped linen cloth, with pistols and gun: the Cady (Cady signifies justice of peace) was a rough looking fellow, clothed in green cloth and turban, and accoutred like his companion. After these two mighty personages came about twenty horsemen, and as many foot, all well armed. Having reached the village they dismounted, some mats were brought, and the

chiefs seated themselves whilst the attendants stood around. Belzoni presented the usual salute, *salam alieke*, and was requested to sit down among them. They became very anxious to know what had brought him there, making many inquiries, and it was a long time before they could be assured that to search for antiquities was his only motive. At last, however, Belzoni gained his end, and obtained permission to enter their village. Having made a repast of coffee, the chiefs set off, and when they were gone our antiquary prepared to follow them. He commenced his journey before sunset, passed over the sandy banks on the west of the village, crossed the plain, ascended the rocks which separate the two villages, and reached El Cassar on the evening of the next day. He was received by the Scheik, who was become quite friendly towards him, with somewhat like English hospitality: he begged him to sleep at his house, and sent him a large bowl of rice for his supper. Accordingly Belzoni accepted his invitation, though I do not know that he reposed more soundly upon the Scheik's mat than he had often done under a sand-bank, or upon a sugar-cane bed.

EMILY.—What sort of house had the Scheik, mamma?

MRS. A.—It was similar to the others, being made of mud; a few beams of palm-tree laid across formed the roof, on the top of which was thrown a great quantity of straw with old mats over. They had much conversation together, and the Scheik told Belzoni in confidence, that it was the father of the Cady who had so strongly objected to his visiting the ruins in their village.

On the following morning, a long consultation took place whether he should or should not be allowed to examine them; at length it was settled for the old man himself to accompany him, and they set off together. When they arrived at the spot, Belzoni was much gratified by observing many ruins and fragments, which shewed that there had evidently been some magnificent edifice, and though little remained, he returned highly delighted, in the assurance that he had discovered the seat of the celebrated temple of Jupiter Ammon.

BERNARD.—Well, I am glad he succeeded, and I think that the man on the rocks deserved his very best thanks. Did Belzoni return to Zaboo?

Mrs. A.—Yes: he expressed his gratitude to the old man who had conducted him to the ruins; made several presents of coral, soap and coffee to the Cady and the good-natured Scheik, and parted great friends with all the people at the village of El Cassar. An unfortunate accident happened to him as he was ascending the rock he had to pass on his way to Zaboo.

BERNARD.—What was that, mamma?

Mrs. A.—His camel slipped its foot on one side and rolled down the rock the height of about twenty feet, taking his rider of course with him.

OWEN.—That was a very sad thing, for I dare say these rocks were not like the sandy spot in Wady el Gemel, where his camel threw him before.

Was Belzoni much hurt, mamma?

Mrs. A.—Yes: he was very much bruised, and conveyed on a donkey to Zaboo, and there carried to the house of a Scheik, where he was accommodated in a narrow passage which led from the street door to a yard behind the house, his saddle as usual forming his only bed. This was a miserable place for any one in his condi-

tion, for the men, women, children, buffaloes, cows, donkeys, goats, and dogs, passed backwards and forwards continually, totally regardless of him.

BERNARD.—I wish I could have given him my bed to lie upon. How long was it before he was well enough to be removed from that little disagreeable passage? .

MRS. A.—In the course of a few days, though his side was still painful, they proceeded once more, and by short stages arrived in about a week in the valley of the Nile at the Bahr Yousef, which if you remember they had crossed before: on the evening of the same day they reached Sedmin.

EMILY.—Ah, Sedmin el Djabel, at the foot of the range of low mountains which forms the skirt of the desert, and where he had engaged his guide Scheik Grumar; then he was pretty near Benisoef, mamma, and when he gets there I expect his old friend Khalil Bey will take care of him, and be very glad to see him too.

MRS. A.—They arrived at Benisoef the next day. Belzoni did not remain long at that place.

but embarked for Cairo, and thence proceeded to Rosetta.

EMILY.—Mrs. Belzoni was there, and she could take better care of him than any one else.

Mrs. A.—At length having settled all his affairs in Egypt, in 1819 our enterprising traveller embarked for Europe. After an absence of twenty years, he returned to his native country and into the bosom of his family; from whence he departed for England, and I think we owe him many thanks for the amusement and instruction his “Researches” have afforded us.

BERNARD.—So he actually reached England at last! And I learn from your account, mamma, that perseverance will enable us to do great things, which without it could never be done!

EMILY.—And I am glad, mother, to find you have proved the truth of your assertion, that patience conquers difficulties, and crowns all our endeavours with success.

OWEN.—Belzoni was quite a boy when his attention was first turned to the science of hydraulics; otherwise he might never have gone into Egypt, for he went there, you know, mamma, in hopes of convincing the Bashaw that an hydraulic machine would be of use to irrigate

his fields. Had he not done so, the great pyramid might have remained unopened a thousand years longer; the tomb of Psammuthis, in the valley of Beban el Malook, might never have been explored, and we should never have heard this amusing narrative of Belzoni's discoveries in Egypt and Nubia.

You see how much depends upon our youthful pursuits.

Mrs. A. smiled, and said :

“ I grant it, and no plainer truth appears,

“ OUR MOST IMPORTANT ARE OUR EARLIEST YEARS.”

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